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SKETCHES

OF

NORTH CAROLINA,

—BY—

EX-GOVERNOR VANCE.

TOGETHER WITH

AN ELEGIAC ODE AND OTHER POEMS,

BY

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

NORFOLK, VA.:
PUBLISHED BY THE NORFOLK LANDMARK.
1875.

PREFACE.

I have the usual excuses to offer for the publication of this little volume. It will sufficiently appear, by both the matter and the style, that it was not originally intended to assume this shape. When my friend Mr. Hope first solicited me to write something for his journal, I consented only on condition that he would accept such papers as I might be able to prepare in the midst of the wearisome and unending duties which devolve upon a country lawyer. He was pleased to say that he preferred such spontaneous productions to more studied and elaborate essays, as being better adapted to the columns of a daily newspaper. Thus encouraged I began the task, selecting, naturally and almost instinctively, North Carolina as my theme. The sketches were written under most unfavorable circumstances; many were penciled off at night after a fatiguing day of labor in the court-house, and others whilst on the circuit, without books of reference, and sent immediately off to the editor. My professional brethren, at least, will appreciate the tread-mill existence from which they sprang.

After a few numbers were published, Mr. Hope surprised me very much by copyrighting the series, and informing me of his wish to publish in book form. To this I yielded reluctantly. I was conscious of their defects, of their careless manner of preparation, of their scattered and disconnected order; and yet worse, I did not have leisure to rewrite, correct, or add to them. Still I yielded to Mr. Hope's wish, and although the success of the enterprise is of course entirely problematical, I do not, and shall not regret the attempt. By being published first in a newspaper outside of North Carolina, of large circulation and high character, the facts set forth in

relation to our physical surroundings and social characteristics, though familiar to our own intelligent people, may reach many readers who perhaps would not otherwise have seen them, and I thus may have done *something* for the good of our State.

The great desire of the intelligent people of North Carolina is for a history that shall be worthy of the great deeds of our forefathers. There are many "sketches," compilations and fragmentary productions—some of great value—but no full and complete history of the State has yet been written. It is a grievous want, creditable to neither our scholarship nor our patriotism. It is one of the many instances of our want of that pride in the deeds of our ancestors which, all the world over, has been considered the noblest stimulant to individual genius and public virtue. Two hundred and ninety-one years have elapsed since the first white man's foot was planted on the shores of North Carolina; and during this career of nearly three centuries, in which she has passed from an unpeopled wilderness to a great State of the American Union, she has furnished, as her needs required, a dynasty of heroes, soldiers, orators, statesmen, scholars, poets, lawyers, jurists, and divines equaled only by those of her great sisterhood, and not surpassed by any English speaking people in the true attributes of manhood. Many spent long lives and large fortunes in her service, others died—cheerfully and valiantly—for their beloved State, rendering her people free and her annals glorious. No men have been happier in their ancestors than are we. And yet the State of North Carolina has not this day, and has never had, a single monument, a statue, or even a picture, commemorating the features or the name and virtues of any one of the many noble sons who rejoiced and were exceeding glad to give every spark of their genius and every drop of their blood to her safety and honor! These painful, not to say shameful truths, may sound ungraciously in the mouth of

a native Carolinian, but the wounds of a friend are faithful. It is better that we reproach ourselves than suffer the reproach of others.

Considering, then, the general poverty of our autobiographic literature, and the general neglect in which we suffer our State and all that pertains to it lie, I shall not regret the contribution of this small volume in her praise and honor, even though it should fail of attracting public attention or meet with harsh criticism. I am not of the spirit of those military leaders who will not fight at times, less from fear of defeat than from dread of losing reputation. I shall be amply repaid for the very small amount of labor here expended if the reading of these sketches shall give pleasure to any son or daughter of North Carolina, or shall cause any deepening of patriotism or awakening of pride of country and of race. I feel sure that the ruthless criticism which we are in the habit of visiting upon the attempts at home authorship, will be mitigated by a just view of my motives, and by the further reflection that where so many stand by and do nothing, severe strictures on the few who *try*, is but little removed from positive meanness.

I am much favored by the kindness of Mr. Hope in appending his beautiful poems, which I am sure will make amends to the reader for many a dull chapter of the Sketches.

Z. B. VANCE.

April 26, 1875.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

EDITORIAL ROOMS NORFOLK LANDMARK,
NORFOLK, VA., May 1, 1875.

In printing the following pages there are many reasons why I should indulge in something more than the ordinary publisher's preface, and in speaking with a freedom that borders on egotism, I do so in the conviction that my North Carolina readers, to whom I more particularly speak, will pardon and understand the frank simplicity of my address.

During the war, when fugitives from their home, which was inclosed within the Federal lines early in 1861, my family found an asylum in North Carolina. There they remained for four years, and during that period were treated with a generous kindness which has never been forgotten. They returned to Virginia, with one link broken in the household chain, and from that day to the present I have cherished for Carolina a feeling of regard, which on all proper occasions I have manifested with alacrity.

At the end of the war, I devoted myself to journalism, and naturally turned to the "Old North State" with eyes of interest and affection. From that time to the present I have endeavored, so far as delicacy would permit, to aid my brethren of the Carolina Press in advancing the prosperity and upholding the just fame of their noble State, and therefore it is not surprising that I should have fallen on the happy device of securing ex-Governor Vance as a contributor to my newspaper.

This introduction brings me to the main topic of my address. It has been seen in the modest Preface from his pen that he

accepted my offer to write for the *Norfolk Landmark* with diffidence, and acceded to the suggestion of the present publication not only with reluctance, but with most unaffected distrust of his own performance. This fact has already been stated in his introduction, and it remains for me to add that his papers were indeed written *currente calamo;* but, though he has favored his readers with "early writing," I am ready to stake such literary reputation as I may have that no one will pronounce his beautiful Sketches "cursed hard reading." In evidence of the little time which he had to devote to them, I may here state the fact that some of the papers came to me in fragments dashed off, as he has stated, while traveling the circuit to attend his courts.

Moreover this little book has been finally put to press, shorn of the proportions which it was designed to give it; but an inexorable necessity compels its delivery by a given day, and hence additions from his pen which would otherwise have been made have not been included. But nevertheless, I do not think the distinguished author need fear anything like a fair criticism on his contributions to this little book, and it is a source of great satisfaction to me to find that he understands so fully the real nature of his work—a work which in its true aspect elevates itself above all the nice questions of rhetoric and art. This aspect presents itself when you reflect that he availed himself of the occasion to address a large audience on the history of his native State, who without the opportunity thus afforded would have remained ignorant of the great facts so charmingly grouped together in his papers.

These Sketches have done much to popularize the History of North Carolina. He ignored, on a sound theory, the more ponderous treatment and elaborate details of the annalist or historian. But in doing this he has still preserved the essential facts of Carolina's history: he has grouped these in a masterly manner, and through the whole performance, hasty

as it was, he has shown an affluence of resources and a warmth of coloring which render his successive pictures worthy an enduring place in our literature. In a noble ambition to popularize the History of his State, and in the robust and manly spirit which belongs to him, as a true mountaineer, he can well console himself for any possible criticism of an unfriendly nature which may be made upon his performance. And now a word about my own space in this volume. This brings me to my verses. The original design was to include "The Elegiac Ode," which has a certain local right to a place in this collection. As for the others, I can only say that they were furnished from my portfolio in response to a demand for "copy," which I was not at liberty to disregard. The trifle which ends the volume is included because it has been attributed to the pen of another, whose name it is not necessary to mention here, as he is ignorant of the compliment which has been paid me at his expense.

And, now, frank in introduction, frank in text—done in a gallop from beginning to end—this little volume deserves a frank reception from the public, and a criticism which, to be just, should keep in view the circumstances under which the Sketches were written and the haste with which the volume has been printed, to which latter fact must be attributed a few uncorrected errors which unhappily remain to testify to the hurry of the work. With this introduction, which under the circumstances could hardly have been shorter than it is, I have the honor to be, dear reader,

Yours, very faithfully,

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

THE ERA OF DISCOVERY.

—:o:—

In the leafy month of June, in the year of grace 1667, that merry monarch and somewhat dissolute man, Charles the Second, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., was graciously pleased to grant unto his "right trusty and well beloved cousin and counsellor, Edward, Earl of Clarendon, our high Chancellor of England; our right trusty and entirely beloved cousin and counsellor, George, Duke of Albemarle, master of our horse," and with like expressions of courtesy and insincere regard, to the Earl of Craven, Lord Berkley, Lord Ashley, Sir George Carteret, Sir John Colleton, and Sir William Berkley, the most magnificent domain ever conferred by a sovereign upon subjects in modern times, or perhaps in all time. Little did Charles know what he was giving, and as little did these subjects know what they were receiving. Even now but few consider the imperial character of the territory granted.

It embraced "all that province, territory, or tract of land, situate, lying and being within our dominions of America, extending north and eastward as far as the north end of Currituck river or inlet, upon a straight westerly line to Wyoming creek, which lies within or about the degrees of thirty-six and thirty minutes, northern latitude; and so west in a direct line as far *as the South Seas;* and south and westward as far as the degrees of twenty-nine inclusive, of northern latitude; and so west in a direct line as far as the South Seas; together with all and singular the ports, harbors, bays, rivers and inlets belonging unto the province or territory aforesaid; and also all the soils, lands, fields, woods, mountains, farms, lakes, rivers, bays and islets," &c., &c., to be found therein.

The vast expanse stretches across the entire continent, from

ocean to ocean; five hundred miles in breadth and two thousand seven hundred miles in length, and embraced an area of more than one million square miles. The "South Seas" meant the Pacific Ocean, whose waters were still little known to Europeans, although eighty-nine years before old Francis Drake's keels had ploughed around the bleak and naked rocks of Cape Horn for the first time. Within these boundaries now lie the States of North and South Carolina, Georgia, a large part of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, the Indian Territory, New Mexico, Arizona, a large part of California, and a considerable portion of Mexico.

It is more than eight times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, five times larger than France, four times larger than the Austrian Empire, eight times greater than Prussia; and larger, by many thousands of square miles, than all these together, with Spain, Portugal and Italy combined! Almost equal to one-third of Europe! True, it may be said that this doughty defender of the Faith and Nell Gwinn was about as much entitled to a large part of this domain as he was to be called King of France by the Grace of God; but, nevertheless, as right was in those days, his title was about as good as that of any European prince to American soil. Perhaps it was even better than that acquired to all the shores washed by the Pacific Ocean by the erection of a standard on its sands and wading into its waves with a drawn sword by Balboa, for the Spanish sovereign.

With this grant of land was also conferred upon the Lords Proprietors jurisdiction as ample as the territory to establish government, convene legislative assemblies, make laws to pass upon liberty, property and life; to grant pardons, regulate commerce, collect customs, wage war, create armies, exercise martial law, grant titles of honor, and many other things pertaining to a vice regal government that was in substance

absolute; the only proviso being "The said laws to be consonant to reason, and as near as may be conveniently agreeable to the laws and customs of this our realm of England." There seems to be no doubt that the name Carolina was first applied to this whole Atlantic coast, and in this respect Virginia is the child of her daughter, the child being christened first. In 1562 Gaspard de Coligny, the great Admiral of France, dispatched an expedition of two ships under Jean Ribaud on a voyage, the real purpose of which, under pretense of discovery, was to select a home for himself and his persecuted fellow-Hugenots in the wilds of the new world, should they be unable to maintain themselves by arms at home. Ribaud landed near the present site of St. Augustine, on the northern border of Florida, explored the country, and returned with glowing descriptions of the land and climate. The Admiral was so charmed with the report that he determined to found a colony of his Protestant countrymen there, and accordingly, in 1564, he dispatched six ships with about five hundred souls, under the charge of Rene Laudoniere. They landed on the same spot on which Ribaud's party did, built a fort, which they called *Arx Carolina*, or Fort Charles, and named the country *Caroline* or *Carolina*, after the wretched bigot Charles IX. of St. Bartholomew memory. Twenty years afterwards, when Walter Raleigh's colony, under Ralph Lane, was first established on Roanoke Island, and Amidas and Barlow had carried back to Queen Elizabeth their enchanting stories of the country, its inhabitants and products, she was so pleased that she ordered the land to be called Virginia, in honor of her virgin self. Thus the name Virginia superseded that of Carolina, until it was subsequently revived by the patents of Elizabeth's successors and applied to the territory south of 36° 30′. The fate of this colony gave rise to one of the most romantic and heroic incidents even of those chivalrous and adventurous times. The Spaniards, who claimed the whole continent, re-

sented this intrusion of the French Protestants, and sent a force under command of Admiral Menendoz against them. They surrendered to overpowering numbers on a promise of safety, but, with a perfidy which no modern European except a Spaniard could ever equal, they were immediately slaughtered. A few who escaped to the forest were captured and hung upon the trees, with the cruel but characteristic inscription upon their bodies, "*Not as Frenchmen, but as Heretics.*"

The blood of these murdered Frenchmen cried in vain to the corrupt and bigoted French court. The gratification of intolerant hatred to Protestants which was felt in hearing the story of their slaughter, was so great as to drown the voice even of national pride; and no redress for the cruel outrage was demanded by the Government. But it was not so with their brave countrymen. A Gascon gentleman, Dominique de Gourgues, a bold, patriotic and glory-loving soldier and navigator, after exhausting all other efforts to avenge the murder of his countrymen, resolved to do it himself. Selling his entire estate, he built a few small ships, fitted them out at his own expense, and with a band of chosen companions into whom he had infused his gallant spirit, boldly set his prows towards a coast three thousand miles distant, across an ocean swarming with the ships of the mightiest power in Europe, in search of the murderers of his countrymen. In due time he found them, and, with his Gallic blood all on fire, came down upon the Spanish colony like the avenger of blood. The woods of the coast of Caroline resounded with the desperate conflict as he drove them from fort to fort, slaying as he went. The few that escaped the sword were hung to the wide-spreading branches of the great live oaks on the shore, and to *their* bodies were affixed inscriptions which so well illustrate the retributions of history, "*Not as Spaniards, but Assassins!*" Honored be the memory of that brave and chivalrous French gentleman throughout all Carolina!

It will perhaps prove not uninteresting to glace at the number and character of the forms of government to which the people of North Carolina have been subjected.

First, we have the Royal Government of the Province of Carolina, under the first charter of the Lords Proprietors. This charter was dated the 24th day of March, 1663, but the government under it properly began in September following, when George Drummond was appointed the first Governor. This lasted until June, 1665, when by the second charter of King Charles the powers of the Lords Proprietors were enlarged, and governmental authority was conferred on them, and by them the first General Assembly was convened.

Next were introduced, 1669, the "Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina," prepared for the Proprietors by the celebrated John Lock, author of the "Essay on the Human Understanding," under which they governed, or professed to govern, the province, until 1693, when they were abrogated, and the direct rule of the Proprietors was resumed, and continued until 1729.

In that year the charter was surrendered by seven of the eight Proprietors, and the Royal Government was resumed, which continued until the beginning of the Revolution.

Then the State government and the Central Continental Congress until 1778.

Then under the Articles of Confederation until 1789.

Then under the Constitution of the United States until 1861.

Then under the Constitution of the Confederate States until 1865.

Then through the mixed and mingled mazes of bayonets, military satraps, extra and unconstitutional rescripts of Congress, until the readmission of our delegates to the National Legislature and the downfall of the carpetbag dynasty.

I make no less than *ten* radical changes in the form of the

powers by which we have been ruled in our history from 1663 to 1870, a period of 207 years. These changes have averaged about one for every twenty years! A striking commentary on the stability of governments, truly; and the more so when the history of North Carolina is usually characterized as comparatively uneventful! I shall close this paper with some observations upon these constitutions of Locke. Although they proved entirely impracticable, and were soon abrogated, they were of infinite service to the wise statesman, as proving conclusively the unworthiness of governmental theories concocted in the closet of the scholar. If intellect and study, abstracted from all contact with actual life, could under any circumstances found a government adapted to the wants of a distant people, it would seem that this great Englishman, who had sounded the depths and shallows of the human mind, would have done it. Yet his work, prepared with the utmost care and tried with patient fairness, proved an utter failure. The simple conceptions of the rude pioneer, squatting in the forest, without books, papers, or learning to read them, in regard to the laws he wanted, were worth all the fine meditations of the disciple of Aristotle and Plato. Laws are suggested by the daily recurring wants of actual life, and these wants are as varying as the conditions and circumstances by which men are surrounded. A government so framed as to be promptly responsive to these wants will constitute the perfection of human rule. Necessarily such an one must be made piece-meal.

Governments grow, and this growth is slow and natural, and dependent, like other products, upon soil, climate and cultivation. Hence the utter folly of the Lords Proprietors in employing a *metaphysician* to draft a constitution for their colony scarcely yet born, three thousand miles distant in a land he had never seen. Pre-natal baby garments are never remarkable as *fits*, and I fancy the crude, red faced, squalling

colony of Carolina, in the flowing and courtly robes of the "Fundamental Constitution," resembled very much a new infant (though born to be a *bruiser*) done up in one corner of a suit of long clothes! Practical people could see an abundance of government and but very little baby, and surely if a man of common sense will look over the one hundred and twenty sections of that instrument, and compare its absurdities and sentimental refinements with the rude but homely and vigorous code which the colonists built up for themselves, piece by piece, each born of a want and tested by the fire of experience, he cannot fail to see where the fine gold of governmental policy is dug up, and he will see that this great folly of making a Utopian constitution to order and shipping it to a strange people like a cargo of shoes, regardless of sizes and numbers, is only equaled by the grim joke of *pious* King Charles expressed in the first charter to these same Lords, wherein he says they have sought the grant, "excited with a laudable and *pious zeal for the propagation of the Christian faith!*" No doubt of it at all! One of these zealous propagators was a member of the infamous *Cabal*, and several of the others stood high in the wicked annals of that licentious Court. But such were the beginnings of great events. Results are in the hands of God; and no matter what the motive was, these charters were the genesis of mighty things in America.

THE PICTURE PRESENTED TO THE DISCOVERERS.

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By this time it will have been perceived that I am not attempting to write a history of North Carolina. I desire only to glance at a few pictures in the panorama of three hundred years of her existence, and to seize upon some of her most remarkable physical aspects, past and present.

I can imagine no scene in this world more impressive than that which the virgin land of *Caroline* must have presented to Sir Walter Raleigh's adventurous colonists when they first approached its shores in 1584. On the 22d of July, this little company, under the command of Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow, entered Hatteras Inlet. Their anchors were let down into the white sand, they turned their expectant eyes westward, and lo! a strange, unknown world was before them; a long sweep of coast describing endless lines of beauty, indented with gracefully rounded bays and inlets. On the level shores stood the stately cedar, the wide-spreading live-oak, the vast, gigantic cypress, with its feathery foliage, and that most graceful and picturesque of all our southern forest trees, the long-leaf pine, fair rival of the Eastern palm. From branch to branch hung luxuriant festoons of vines, laden with Eschol clusters of fruit. Sylvia was arrayed in the full leaf of her royal summer glory. Rank, green grass covered the glades and savannahs, flecked with the gold and snow and purple of a thousand flowers. Gay creepers and bright-hued parasites, jessamines, many-colored acacias, and blood-red trumpet-flowers, spread forth their gorgeous tintings by the side of the more subdued marvels of the baytree and magnolia. Bordering the bright, smooth waters of the sound, languishing in the

beams of an unclouded midsummer's sun, the tide presented a picture of a sea of silver, enclosed in a ring of emerald. To the enraptured beholders, from the open fields and treeless downs of England, it must have seemed that these glowing shores and forest shades contained Eden bowers of never-ending beauty and delight, and to add to the pleasing delusion of the senses, the morning breeze bore upon its wings a warm and grateful perfume from the thousands odorous trees and flowers of the shore. Landing upon the main land and penetrating the shades which they had beheld at a distance, it would seem impossible to imagine the conceptions of their brains and the rapture of their hearts. On every hand were beauty and riches exceeding far their wildest dreams. As they walked beneath the overshadowing and interlocked branches and among the tall, straight pines, spots of sylvan beauty, beside silver springs gurgling from the white sand, suggested homes of happiness and unearthly loveliness. Others suggested vast fields of golden grain and vineyards laden with generous intoxicating purple; whilst still others, beside deep rivers and beautiful bays, told of towns and cities yet to be, and thronging multitudes busy with commerce and civilization. Falsely enough it no doubt seemed to these rude, unlearned men that want and care could never intrude upon such scenes of abundance and peaceful beauty. The rivers and sounds abounded with fish, through the forest roamed the red deer and the shaggy buffalo, whilst the black bear was lord of the jungles. Wild turkeys, with ceaseless gabble, sought their food through the brakes; the partridges whirred in the long grass, and the silver pheasant sounded his drum-beat for his mate from the fragrant cedar boughs.

To increase the impression upon the senses of these new comers, the charm of mystery was there also. It was all new, strange, unknown. Where was the end of this broad and untrod dominion? Whence came these great rivers? What

manner of country was it at their source? What riches were there in the hills out of whose bosom they must spring? What treasures of gold and silver, of diamonds and precious stones, of homely honest iron, were concealed in the bowels of this earth whose surface was so fair? With wonder and awe they stood upon the edge of the eastern forests as upon the very threshold of the Eleusinian mysteries of nature, where, undisturbed by the hand of civilized destruction, she had for thousands and hundreds of thousands of years been elaborating her marvels. For, new as the land seemed to them, they had in reality come upon the *old world* and left the *new* at home. The mountain peaks from whose sides these rivers issued, had reared their naked heads above the waves of the primitive seas, millions of years before their taller and grander brethren, the Alps and the Andes, were born, or ever the European hills were brought forth.

No wonder that with all these beauties seen, and all these marvels imagined, they gave Good Queen Bess such glowing and romantic accounts of her new found dominion of Carolina. No wonder they saw not the malaria that lurked in the jungles, fattening on the very exuberance of nature. No wonder that they saw not the crafty and cruel savage hardening his war club and sharpening his tomahawk, under which the blood of women and children was to flow in the light of their burning cabins. No wonder they saw not the starvation, the toil and suffering, through which lands, even the fairest and best, are brought under the hand of civilization. They saw, before they returned home, only the riches and capabilities of the country, and as they beheld it and determined to make it theirs, they doubtless felt that keen, prophetic belief in their own mighty future which Mr. Motley says is an instinct with all great races.

The whole boundless continent was theirs. No other feet, of civilized man, pressed any part of that wide-extended shore.

Not till twenty-four years after did John Smith's canoe search the banks of the James and skim the noble expanse of the Chesapeake; and it was full thirty-six years after that the Mayflower landed her passengers on Plymouth Rock. With no one to oppose or deny their right, they surveyed a mighty, unknown and unexplored virgin continent, and felt awed by its mysterious vastness, even at Japhet did, in contemplating the coming deluge,

> "When Ocean is Earth's grave, and unopposed
> By rock or shallow, the leviathan,
> Lord of the shoreless sea and watery world,
> Shall wonder at his boundlessness of realm."

Such was the scene presented to these adventurous Englishmen on that July day, as they surveyed our continent two hundred and ninety years ago. The story of the great Raleigh's efforts to people it, and the fate of his colonists, will not be further followed. These attempts perished by the iniquitous blow which laid their great author in the dust. His crime was patriotism, the offense of all others least forgiven and most bloodily punished by weak or wicked tyrants. But history has amply avenged him. His splendid intellect, large attainments, high courage, chivalrous devotion, noble character and pure patriotism, shine all the brighter in the annals of English glory by the foil of his mean, corrupt and slobbering master.

There is no character in English history that takes a stronger grasp upon the imagination of the American people—especially the youth—than does that of Raleigh. The age in which he lived was the very heydey of what may be termed utilitarian chivalry. The fantastic freaks and fancies of knight errantry and piratical vagabondism had measurably yielded before the more serious business of life. Of the causes which led to this, not even the advance of letters nor the overthrow of priestly rule, did so much, perhaps, as the discovery of this

great western world. Opening so wide a field for fame, riches and national aggrandizement, the ambitious, the adventurous, and the needy from all western Europe, rushed toward the land of golden promise, with all the zeal and fiery enthusiasm which the warlike spirit of the times inspired. The marvelous stories of returning voyagers, the homeward-bound fleets of Spanish galleons laden with glittering treasure, and the glory of distant adventure, set Europe in a blaze. England was not only stirred with this feeling, but was likewise burning with a fiery hatred of the Spaniards, the pioneers in this movement; a feeling which partook of both religion and politics. Armed British cruisers soon filled the seas, both to discover and settle new countries and to capture Spanish gold ships; and while Raleigh engaged among the foremost and bravest in these enterprises, the mean and sordid passions which they so naturally engendered in others left no mark upon him. His high and noble nature was unpoluted through all the trials, tempations and wondrous vicissitudes to which it was subjected, and came out pure gold. Virginia and the Carolinas love to dwell upon his memory and honor him as their illustrious founder. With no fabulous legends attending its inception, with no auguries or celestial portents heralding its birth, save the Anglo Saxon instincts of freedom and empire, this young western Hercules among the nations, whose Republic is bounded by the oceans and the zones, and is swept by the mightiest rivers of earth, whose civilization is the wonder and the glory of modern eras, rejoices in the fact that it was nurtured in its swaddling bonds by the brightest genius, wittiest statesman, profoundest scholar, readiest poet, and most chivalrous hero and soldier produced in a great age of a great race. Cities, towns and counties perpetuate his name in the land which he never saw, save in his ambitious dreams; but we who happily have fulfilled the ardent visions of his poetic soul, need nothing but the recital of his glorious and

virtuous life and shameful death to perpetuate his memory to our latest posterity.

It is a circumstance worthy of mention that Carolina was born of the *law*. No violence, no conquest nor armed wrong marked her entrance into existence. Raleigh obtained a regular patent from Queen Elizabeth, authorizing him, his heirs, and assigns to take "possession of such remote, heathen and barbarous lands as were not occupied by any Christian prince," instead of going forth as a mere marauder and plunderer.

The Lords Proprietors also obtained a regular charter from Charles II. before they took possession in 1664, and Charles's title was founded in the well-recognized law of nations in regard to the discovery and occupation of new countries.

The first permanent home in the colony was purchased by deed from the King of the Yeopim Indians, and ever afterwards title to the soil was sought, and generally obtained, in the same manner. No war of conquest was ever waged against the aborigines in Carolina to obtain land, so far as my researches extend. Those which were fought were purely defensive. *Law* attended at the birth and through the infancy and youth of the colonists, and in their manhood they have respected and obeyed the guardian of their earlier years. No people on this continent have been more observant of law and authority properly constituted over them. Their records from the moment of their first settlement to the present hour show, with the exception of the great Revolution of Independence—but one civil commotion calling for any other force for its suppression than the sheriff and his posse, and that was the slight disorder which arose on our western frontier in 1785 in the attempt to establish the State of Frankland, which was of but little moment. True, for many years whilst English liberty on both continents was in the rude and unhewn state which marked the seventeenth century, they were a rough-handed and turbulent set. Cruel outbreaks were not unfre-

quent, and it was not an uncommon trick of theirs to seize a tyrannical Governor and send him in strings across the seas to be tried for oppression and misrule! Alas, that so fine a custom should fall into disuse! But in general there was little of bloodshed. The war of the Regulators, which may seem to form another exception, was in reality a symptom and a part of the war of 1776. Few communities in this world can show such a record of peace. For a season of several months immediately succeeding the close of our late war, we were absolutely without law or rulers of any kind whatever; the military stationed in a few principal towns being unable or unwilling to take cognizance of offenses except in the immediate vicinity. And yet there never was a land in a more thorough condition of peace and good order. So profoundly was this regard for law impressed upon our people that it amounted in some cases to a sublime virtue. A reverend Scotch gentleman of my acquaintance, who, under the influence of mammon, had married during the war an invalid and rather hard-looking old maid for the sake of fifty negroes, was told by a joker after Johnston's surrender that the Yankees had set the negroes free, and were going to abolish everything done during the rebellion, even to the dissolution of all marriages contracted during that time. "Aweel, aweel, Duncan, my mon," said the over-married Scot, "we maun submit; *I'm a law abidin' mon!*"

I have often had the remark made to me by most competent Confederate officers, that in one respect the troops from North Carolina made the best soldiers in our army; and this was their *subordination* and the facility with which they accepted *discipline*. Yet the courage and fire with which they fought afforded another instance of the great danger of arousing the wrath of those quiet races who illustrate the truth of the Frenchman's maxim, "beware of those who grow angry with reason."

In further evidence of our law-abiding character I am reminded that years ago, before the war, a very illiterate but honest and determined citizen of one of our mountain counties, was appointed a justice of the peace. Filled with the dignity and consequence of his office, he soon after attended a militia muster in his neighborhood. After the drill the treating by the candidates began, and after that came the fighting in the usual and regular order. When the first couple began to strip for the wager of battle, the new-born squire, instead of turning his back, according to the good old fashion of our peace guardians, or permitting himself to be carried off with a show of gentle violence, as was sometimes done, marched promptly to the front, and sternly commanded the peace in the name of the State. No attention being paid to this reasonable command, and the crowd beginning to hustle him, and tell him to stand off and see fair play, he sprang in between the combatants, drew a home-made bowie, with a blade eight inches in length, and exclaimed, "Look here, gentle*men!* I'm a peace officer, duly apinted by the Ginril Assembly, and I ain't agoin' to be fooled with. Now the fust man that strikes a lick in *my* presence, I'll dissecterate him with this! The peace *shell* be kept while *I'm* around;" and it was. The majesty of the law was vindicated by the shining steel of her zealous servant, and the fight was postponed as indefinitely as Felix's repentance.

RACE OF SETTLERS.

One cannot fail to be struck with the remarkable length of time which intervened between the discovery and the colonization of North America proper. Mexico, the Spanish Main, and the West India Islands, engrossed almost entirely the enterprise of the Spaniards in the early part of the sixteenth century; whilst the English and the French did little in the direction of the great lands they were destined to occupy. Full ninety years—almost a century—after the discovery of the continent it lay without notice, or attempt to settle it, until Raleigh's ships came, in 1584. Several expeditions to Florida had been made prior to that time, but they were mainly for exploration and plunder. From 1584 to the settlement on the James, twenty years more elapsed. From that settlement to the first permanent lodgment in North Carolina, forty-five years more intervened, and it was quite one hundred years after that before the pioneers of North Carolina got in sight of the Blue Ridge. At that period, 1650, they had got westward as far as Fort Dobbs, which stood near the Yadkin river, some twenty miles west of Salisbury; and fifty years after this, in 1700, there was not a white man in that portion of North Carolina which is now Tennessee, if we except a few scattered French traders and emissaries to the Indian tribes. Thus, two hundred years after its discovery, beyond the seaboard and its vicinity, the greater part of our country was still an unpeopled wilderness; for the tide of population in North Carolina and Virginia kept nearly side by side in the march westward!

These States show not only the dangers and difficulties of

subduing a wild land and planting civilization within its recesses, and the weakness and poverty of our pioneer forefathers, but they show, also, the comparative poverty of the English people at that time. One great English steamer of the present day could with ease have transported every inhabitant (white) of this colony, with all their goods, including cattle, in 1670, seventeen years after the settlement began. The immigrants landing at Castle Garden every two years now would people the whole State of North Carolina as thickly as it was peopled in 1870. Such has been the growth of western civilization, with all its wealth and appliances.

The character of the people who settled and continue to inherit the State is worthy of the student's consideration. North Carolina owes less to foreign immigration than any of her sisters. Hers is almost a homogenious people. Her population is more nearly composed of those born in her borders, descendants of her original settlers, than that of any other State in the American Union. The census of 1870 shows that her total population is 1,071,361, and of this number only 3,029 are of foreign birth! Not only relatively, but absolutely less than the same class of any other State. To prove that this is not an accidental enumeration, the census shows the number of persons born of one or both foreign parents to be but 6,464; and of persons born of *both* foreign parents to be 4,328—the same proportion appearing in the census of 1860 and 1850. We are emphatically one people, of unmixed blood.

In the many political canvasses which I have made, from east to west, I have never, to my best recollection, visited a county, however distant, without being asked by some one about his kinsman living in my county. If the blood revenge of the old Scotch clans were practiced now-a-days, it would fare ill with the man-slayer who should attempt to conceal himself from his enemy's clansmen in this State. They would

spring from the earth around him in every direction, as the men of Rodrick Dhu did about the path of James Fitz James. Where did these men come from? Who are they, and of what blood? These are questions always worth asking and answering, though an excess of democracy has begot an unworthy indifference on the subject of a people's ancestry. The aristocratic feeling is almost entirely confined to the beasts of this age of physical progress. It is thought to be important to *them* to have great progenitors, but not so with men and women. A plain, democratic farmer will descant by the hour on the noble sires and dams of his horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and even his game chickens; but if you should in his presence undertake to show forth the glories of *his* blood, he would shake his head and tell you it was aristocracy, that there was nothing in blood for people, and advise you to stand on your own merits. Most excellent advice, but founded on bad phylosophy, nevertheless. There is much in the race we spring from, affecting both the individual and the community. The physical and the mental traits we derive from our ancestors are not more marked and important in directing our destinies than are the prejudices, aspirations and traditions we drink in from childhood. No profound observer of human nature will ever estimate the capacities or conduct of a people without first looking at their genealogical table and noting the blood which flows in their veins. The much abused and misused term Anglo-Saxon cannot be properly applied to North Carolina. There is a large infusion of that element in our people, it is true, but the principal stream of our blood, as will be seen, was Keltic, such Keltic life, at least, as was left to Ireland and Scotland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the Highlands it was almost unmixed, but in the Lowlands and in Ireland it was somewhat commingled with the Saxon, Norman and Iberian races.

The first comers were English, from Nansemond, Virginia,

and their numbers were largely increased by Quakers and non-conformists who fled from persecution in the parent colony, which had established the Church of England as the State religion, and passed laws unfavorable to all other forms. This unhappy spirit of intolerance was the result of the Governor's Council attempting to show their loyalty to the home government, which was then a persecuting one, and forcibly reminds us of many wicked things of recent times, done also in the name of *loyalty*. It helped, however, to people North Carolina rapidly, and the rich lowlands of the east received some of the best citizens of the State from that source.

To the south, the county of Clarendon, embracing all the region of the Lower Cape Fear, the English again came, from Barbadoes, and laid the foundation of that grand old community which has ever been such an honor to the name of North Carolina. Whilst our beginnings in both Albemarle and Clarendon counties were thus almost exclusively English, we have received no other accessions from that source of any consequence. Occasional settlers dropped in from various parts of the world, but so gradually as to become lost in the general mass, and leave no particular mark upon our national features. The streams from which we were to derive our most marked characteristics were yet to come—the Scotch, the Scotch-Irish and the German. The colony of Swiss and Palatines under De Graffenried was not recruited, and made no visible impression upon our blood or manners.

The Scotch and Scotch-Irish are entirely different, and the latter do not, as the casual reader might suppose, arise from Scotch parents on one side and Irish on the other. They are native Irish of original Scotch descent, to whose pedigree reference will be made again.

The Scotch who settled the Upper Cape Fear were principally followers and adherents of Prince Charlie, who were out in the '45 with him. After their great defeat at Culloden a

large colony of them came to this State and settled near the present town of Fayetteville. Their descendants and constantly arriving countrymen soon spread over all the region watered by the Cape Fear, and have ever since constituted one of the most striking elements of our population. Their religion was Presbyterian, but unlike most of that denomination, they were generally monarchists in politics. They brought with them and have preserved habits of thrift, industry, a love of education, and most of the characteristics of the Scottish people. They came direct, by the way of the Cape Fear inlet or harbor. They were Highlanders. The Scotch-Irish, one of the most remarkable members of the great British family, were Scottish Presbyterians, planted by King James I. in the north of Ireland, on lands forfeited by the treason of the O'Dogherty and the Earls of Tyrconnell and Tyrone. There they grew and flourished, preserving their blood as exclusively as if they had remained in the mother country, and also their manners and religion. They called themselves *Scotch* in contradistinction to the natives, whilst to distinguish themselves from their Scotch kindred they were called *Scotch-Irish*, a name they have to this day retained. They were Lowlanders.

The story of their persecutions, their adherence to principle, their massacres, their splendid courage, their attempted emigration to New England, and return to Ireland from mid-sea by stress of weather and a leak in their ship, the Eagle Wing; of their final triumph in the flight of their tyrant James, and the elevation to the throne of the deliverer, William of Orange, is one of the most striking and instructive episodes in modern history. They became mighty in Ireland—especially in Ulster, and from that province poured ship loads of emigrants into North America. They came mostly by way of Pennsylvania, and finding lands east of the Alleghanys difficult to obtain, and no settlements yet made west of that

chain on account of French and Indian hostility, they drifted steadily southward. Leaving many of their numbers in Virginia, they finally reached North Carolina, and spread all over that beautiful champagne country from the Dan to the Catawba. Soon after these, and by the same route, came our German settlers, and located on the banks of the Yadkin and Catawba, covering all the beautiful and rolling country between these streams, and far up the right bank of the latter in sight of the Blue Ridge. In agriculture, as a general rule, they have excelled all our people, especially in thrift, economy, and the art of preserving their lands from sterility. To this day there is less of that desolation which is called in the South "old field," to be seen among the lands of their descendants than amongst any others of our people. In religion they are Lutheran, and in politics Democratic, and they are as steadfast as the hills in each. A sturdier race of upright men and substantial citizens is not to be found in this or any other State. Their steady progress in wealth and education is one of their characteristics, and their enduring patience and unflinching patriotism—tested by many severe trials—proclaim them worthy of the great sires from whom they sprang. The colony of German Moravians was an exceptional case. Their settlement of a part of North Carolina was not until 1753. Two years before that date, those of them living in Bethlehem, Pa., bought 100,000 acres of land from Lord Granville, President of the British Privy Council, which was located in what is now the county of Forsythe, and soon afterwards their colonists came forward and occupied it. Salem was built, and these pure, pious, and industrious people have lived for nearly a century and a quarter in almost Jewish seclusion from the general turmoil of the world, devoted almost exclusively to the absorbing subjects of education and religion. As a communion, they have not increased to any considerable extent, but their descendants, members of another faith, are widely

spread over Western North Carolina, and embrace many of our leading men and families. They revere the name of their illustrious founder, Count Zinzerdorf, and called their land Wachovia, after the Wachau Valley in Austria, of which he was Lord.

Thus it will be seen that the sources of North Carolina life were English, Scotch, Scotch-Irish and German mainly, with minor streams of Irish, Swiss, and here and there a French Huguenot; and with a very small infusion indeed of foreign immigration since the original settlements, our people are almost exclusively their descendants. There has been little or no exclusive feeling among these races; they have married and intermarried until the casual observer can scarcely determine by any outward sign to what blood any owe their origin, except in a few localities where the old-land customs and prejudices were longer observed in full force. I has been but a few years since the Gospel was preached to portions of our people in both German and Gaelic.

Of the race which of all these has given most color and tone to our society, and which furnishes the key to our public character—the Scotch-Irish—I shall speak more particularly in another paper.

CHARACTER OF COLONISTS.

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As in every family there is a leading man, and in every community a leading family, so in every American State there is a leading race or blood, which, at least in some special department, gives tone and coloring to the others. This leading race in North Carolina was, in politics and education, the Scotch-Irish. With the sturdy industry and personal thrift, caution, turbulent and rebellious disposition and hard-headed religious characteristics of the Scotch, they combined much of the generous wine of the noble Irish nature. I was a happy mixture of the miser and the spendthrift, of cool prudence and headlong rashness, of usquebaugh and poteen whisky. They were filled with all the enthusiastic longings for liberty of the one people, and all the steadfast and enduring determination to obtain and keep it of the other. Of their Scottish Presbyterian ancestors, Mr. Buckle, in his great work, the History of Civilization, gives, perhaps, the best analysis in the three chapters of his second volume devoted to Scotland in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. After portraying in the most vivid colors, and with a master's hand, the extreme bigotry and narrow-mindedness, arrogance, superstition and spiritual tyranny which they exercised over all in their power, he proceeds: "Let us not be too forward in censuring the leading actors in that great crisis through which Scotland passed during the latter half of the sixteenth century. Much they did which excites our strongest aversion. But one thing they achieved which should make us honor their memory and repute them benefactors of their species.

At a most hazardous moment they kept alive the spirit of national liberty. What the nobles and the crown put in peril,

that did the clergy save. By their care the dying spark was kindled into a blaze. When the light grew dim and flickered on the altar their hands trimmed the lamp and fed the sacred flame. This is their real glory, and on this they may well repose. They were the guardians of Scotch freedom, and they stood to their trust. Where danger was they were foremost. By their sermons, by their conduct, both public and private, by the proceedings of their assemblies, by their bold and frequent attacks upon persons without regard to their rank, nay, even by the very insolence with which they treated their superiors, they stirred up the minds of men, woke them from their lethargy, formed them to habits of discussion, and excited that inquisitive and democratic spirit which is the only guarantee the people can ever possess against the tyranny of those who are set over them. This was the work of the Scotch clergy; and all hail to them who did it! It was they who taught their countrymen to scrutinize with a fearless eye the policy of their rulers. It was they who pointed the finger of scorn at kings and nobles, and laid bare the hollowness of their pretensions. They ridiculed their claims and jeered at their miseries. * * * The great ones of the earth they covered with contempt, and those who were above them they cast down. * * It is also well known that in conducting the struggle (against Charles I.) the English were greatly indebted to the Scotch, who had, moreover, the merit of being the first to lift their hand again the tyrant. what, however, is less known, but is undoubtedly true, is that both nations owe a debt they can never repay to those bold men who, during the latter part of the sixteenth century, disseminated from their pulpits and assemblies sentiments which the people cherished in their hearts, and which at a fitting moment they reproduced, to the dismay, eventually to the destruction of those who threatened their liberties." Such were the ancestors of the men who, one hundred years later,

poured into the beautiful plains and smiling valleys of Central and Western Carolina. Filled with the traditions of their fierce-handed sires, and deeply grounded in those grand principles of human freedom which had shorn the British crown of its dangerous prerogatives, and firmly established the supremacy of the people's representatives, the Commons, they sowed them broadcast in the virgin soil of their new country. They took root and grew apace. The germ of self-government, it is true, was here before they came; the colonists had at so early a day as 1666 established their home legislature, and begun to taste the sweets of having laws—made by those who were to live under them. But none understood these principles better, if so well, as the Scotch-Irish; and none were so early, unanimous, and persistent in their maintenance. Resistance to tyranny in all its forms seemed to be their normal condition. It was a part of their religion. Their pulpits in all the land thundered with the messages of the Gospel and defiance of oppressors; with warnings against the wrath to come, and that which now is, upon earth; and piety was profusely mixed with politics and patriotism, as it ever will be when the Church as well as the Government fights for existence. Their long-continued persecutions and conflicts in the old country made them astute in all the ways of thwarting tyranny. With every sense sharpened, they stood like greyhounds straining in the leash when the final troubles with the mother country came, and the world knows how they went into that contest, and how they bore themselves through it. The Mecklenburg Declaration of the 20th May, 1775, and the Resolves of the 31st of May following, which were almost exclusively their work, show the stuff of which they were made. No word here is intended to detract from the patriotism of any other class of our settler-ancestors. All did nobly, but these Scotch-Irish undoubtedly *led* in the struggle for American, as their fathers had done for British liberty.

Viewed entirely in a secular aspect, there would seem to be something in the religious creed of these people which imparted to the masses a superiority over the same class of their cotemporary religionists. At more than one period, history tells us that the freedom and Protestantism of the world hung upon the broad shoulders of those who professed the severe and gloomy creed of Calvin. Highly metaphysical, and, to the common mind, apparently incomprehensible, it more than all others, in my opinion, learns a people to *think*. No ignorant, unreflecting, unreasoning man, can be a Calvinist except in name. Hugh Miller, that great self-taught Scotchman, says that it has done more for his country than all the penny magazines and societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge have done, or can do for England, and, in substance, that it has furnished Scotland both brains and patriotism. The important part it has ever performed in western civilization would seem to justify this high opinion of its educating properties. Mr. Buckle says the tyranny of its clergy was quite equal, if less bloody, to that of the Spanish Inquisition, but that whereas the spirit of the latter was servile, and sunk the Spanish mind into ruinous slavery and decline, that of the former was in the highest degree bold and rebellious, and raised the whole Scotch intellect into freedom and progress. Indeed, so powerful its influence seems to have been in imparting strength and vigor to national character, that during the period so eloquently and graphically pictured by Mr. Motley in his life of John of Barneveld, in the contemptible reign of James I., which virtually put England on the other side, the whole fabric of civil and religious liberty depended on the little Calvanistic communities of the Dutch Republic, and but for them Luther would have lived in vain.

Doubtless, too, the form of government in those communions had much to do with the political results, as well as their doctrines. This was essentially democratic, and presented in

its workings an excellent representation of a republic based upon popular suffrage. As their oppressions mostly came from prelacy, monarchy and aristocracy, quite naturally their teachings ran in the opposite direction. In this way the great masses were taught to *think*, not only of their metaphysical creed, but in regard to the forms of government also, and they soon came to regard those political systems which nearest resembled those of the Church as the best.

Whilst the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who settled in Virginia and the Carolinas thus brought with them the noblest lessons of their Church, religious and political, it is a subject worthy of especial remark and congratulation that they left its bigotry, intolerance, and meanness behind, or else landed it in other ports than ours. Puritanism has been described as Presbyterianism gone to seed, but no such seed was ever gathered on the soil of North Carolina. Though themselves, for the most part, exiles for conscience sake, they did not, so soon as they had found a refuge in the goodly land and had waxed strong under the protecting wing of religious equality, erect a trans-atlantic inquisition and re-enact the sins of their old-world tyrants. No shadow of religious intolerance dims the brightness of our escutcheon; no blue laws disgrace the statute-books of North Carolina, or mar the fair pages of two hundred years of legislation devoted to the peace and happiness of all who were subject to its provisions. Nor in all this time do our private annals speak of an unchristian lording of one religious body over another. They all remembered that they themselves had been strangers in Egypt, and had been brought up out of the house of bondage, and they oppressed not the stranger. This difference has ever been maintained, and constitutes a most peculiar separating line between the northern and southern professors of the same faith, though the persecuting features of the former section have long since disappeared, and its asceticism has been greatly modified.

Of the intellectual progress and status of the descendants of this race, brief notice may be made.

So nearly have our original stocks become one, by marrying and intermarrying, and so gradually has the pride of ancient race become absorbed in the common pride of our North Carolina stock, that the primary distinctions have mostly disappeared. It would hardly be possible at this day to select any living North Carolinian as a pure type of any one of our pioneer races. Few could be found who have not in their veins a mingling of all or a part of them all. A generation or two since pedigree might have been traced with more certainty and the parent stocks illustrated thereby with more justice.

It has seemed to me that as the leading stock was, in Virginia, English, and ours in North Carolina was Scotch-Irish, the difference between the people of the two States has, to some extent, partaken of the same characteristics which divide the people of England and Scotland. The difference is doubtless not so well marked owing to many causes—the large admixture of strange blood for one—but it is of much the same nature. As to this difference, I quote again from Hugh Miller, in his "First Impressions of England and its People." "Nothing," says he, "in the English character so strikingly impressed me as its immense extent of range across the intellectual scale. It resembles those musical instruments of great compass, such as the pianoforte and the harpsichord, that sweep over the entire gamut, from the lowest to the highest; whereas the intellectual character of the Scotch, like instruments of a narrow range, such as the harp and the violin, lies more in the middle of the scale. By at least one degree it does not rise so high, by several degrees it does not sink so low. There is an order of English mind to which Scotland has not attained. Our first men stand in the second rank, not at a foot-breadth behind the foremost of England's second-rank men; but there is a front rank of British intellect in which there stands no

Scotchman. * * * Scotland has produced no Shakespeare. Burns and Scott united would fall short of the stature of the giant of Avon. Of Milton we have not even a representative. Bacon is as exclusively unique as Milton, and as exclusively English." But altogether he claims that the great mass of his countrymen occupy a higher intellectual level, and are wider awake, than the great mass of the English.

These comparisons will hold good in part when applied to the people of those two States. There is certainly a cluster of great Virginian names in which no North Carolinian stands, and in which, in fact, few Americans stand, in arms and statesmanship. Virginia is decidedly more English, and yet our Scotch blood has, it is fair to say, fully maintained its average in the departments wherein it has been excelled, and in others—law and oratory, for instance—it has been ever fully abreast with any. In fact it furnishes, all things considered, the best *middle class* in the world. Other races among our own people excel the Scotch-Irish in one or more special departments, as before alluded to, but in the aggregation of qualities which go to make up American citizenship they have no superiors.

A very marked conservatism pervades all classes of North Carolinians. Attachment to old forms and institutions seems to be deeply implanted in them as a part of their religion. They almost equal the conservatism of Sidney Smith's man, who refused to look at the new moon, so great was his regard for the old! This principle has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. Some of their old-fashioned, ante-railroad notions I would not see changed, even to be rid of the soubriquet Rip Van Winkle—those in regard to the crime of larceny, for instance, and the duty of public servants towards the people's money. A laugh at an honest man is always short-lived. North Carolina was, I believe, the last State in the

Union to abolish property representation and suffrage in her Legislature. The name of the lower branch, House of Commons, was only changed in 1868; John Doe and Richard Roe died a violent death and departed our courts at the hands of the carpetbag invasion in the same year. This horde also, with a most extraordinary perversion of its possible uses, unanimously deposed the whipping-post, as a relict of barbarism, to which our people had clung as the great conservator of their goods and chattels. "No thief e'er felt the halter draw," *et cetera*, and they abolished it as disloyal. A good story is told of a New York pickpocket who came down South to try his luck. Elegantly dressed in a suit of shining black, with a magnificent cravat, and a large seal ring glittering on his finger, he took his seat in a crowded coach at Weldon bound for Wilmington. In due time a gentleman missed his pocket-book, an alarm was raised, and our New York friend was seen to pitch something under a seat, which turned out to be the stolen article. In a short time the train rolled into the town of Goldsboro, where court was in session; the prisoner was marched in, a bill sent to the grand jury and returned verified; he was put on trial, convicted, and sentenced to receive thirty-nine; all in about two hours! As the sheriff led him, astonished and dismayed, to the grim, wide-armed "widow," and divested him of his fashionable apparel, he looked around, with a face full of horror, and exclaimed in tones of deep disgust, "My God, what a barbarous country!" How he missed the gentle ministrations and maudling sympathies of northern civilization! How he sighed for the heroism of a great trial before an admiring audience and the kindly aid of perjured pals! And, above all, how he kept away from North Carolina! And how all his pitying friends who heard the sorrowful story, with refined horror, did the like!

As as evidence of the old-fashioned notions of our people with regard to the responsibility of their public servants, the

following story will apply : In 18—, when Lafayette visited the United States, it was resolved to invite him officially to visit North Carolina, by whose people he was especially honored and loved. The Legislature being in session, an appropriation to give him a proper reception was privately mooted, and it was ascertained that the hard-fisted sort would oppose it on the ground that they had no right to vote away the people's money in *fetes* and shows, no matter for whom. The celebrated John Stanly, one of the brightest men the State ever produced, was then a member from New Berne. It was desirable not only to pass the appropriation, but to pass it without a dissenting vote. When the bill was introduced, a very wealthy member offered as a substitute a resolution that the members would subscribe the amount out of their own pockets, and offered to head the list with a large sum. Whereupon Stanly rose to his feet and protested against the resolution with the most eloquent indignation, exclaiming that it was a plan on the part of the nabobs of the land to cheat his poor constituents out of their share in the honor of entertaining their great guest; that the farmers, the mechanics, the shoeblacks, the washerwomen, and all his people wanted their share in the glory of welcoming him who stood by Washington's side in the struggle for our great deliverance; and appealing by name to the hard-fisted members from whom alone opposition was feared, urged them to assist him in maintaining the rights and honor of his own and their poor, hard-working and patriotic constituents, against this attempt on the part of the wealthy owners of broad acres and hundreds of slaves to ignore the humbler citizens of the land. The bait took, the dangerous members became furiously indignant, the resolution was voted down, with every indication of contempt, and the bill passed amid scarcely suppressed applause for Stanly and Lafayette. Of course the whole scheme was contrived by Stanly beforehand.

PHYSICAL ASPECT OF THE STATE.

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The physical aspect of North Carolina presents some rather curious features, to which Governor Swain used to delight in calling the attention of the senior class in the University.

Computing the entire surface of the globe at 200,000,000 of square miles, the area of North Carolina, 50,000 square miles, is one-four-thousandth part. Computing the land surface at one-fourth of this, or 50,000,000 of square miles the area of North Carolina is just one-thousandth part thereof.

In 1776 the area of the original thirteen United States was but little over 1,000,000 square miles, of which North Carolina composed the twentieth part. Our present area, except the recent acquisition of Alaska, is, in round numbers, 3,000,000 of square miles, of which North Carolina constitutes the sixtieth part. In other words, says the Governor triumphantly, the world might be divided into just a thousand, and the Union into sixty, States equal in extent to North Carolina.

Again, the total population of the globe is estimated by the best geographers at 1,108,819,000; the population of North Carolina in 1870 was 1,070,000, or almost exactly the one-thousandth part thereof. The average population of the globe is about 22½ souls to the square mile—that of North Carolina is very nearly the same. North Carolina, also, is situated very nearly in the heart of the north temperate zone by latitude, and thurmally is perhaps precisely in its center, as is evidenced by its flora and by scientific observations carefully taken. In this respect, and particularly in the character of its productions, it is the center of the American Union, notwithstanding it is not included by geographers in the old group of "Middle States." It is the dividing line between the great staples, and

is both the northern border of the South and the southern border of the North. Here the two extremes meet. The cotton, rice, sugar and indigo of the south meet midway the State, the tobacco, wheat, rye, grass, oats and fruits, which constitute the chief products of the northern States; and so marked is this line, that I am told when scientific men have undertaken to work up and classify the flora of the United States, they have by common consent worked downward to North Carolina for the northern, and upward to North Carolina for the southern flora; and that here they find the great natural families of each region meeting and passing into each other. And the same is true, I am told, in regard to the fauna of the United States, also.

This happy mesne condition—geographical, thermal and political—is worthy the consideration of thinking people. Many interesting deductions may be drawn therefrom. Prominent among these are the beneficial conditions which here surround animal health and life, the great variety of vegetable productions, and the stable and equitable social and political institutions necessarily emanating from a community thus situated. Surely to be placed on the border where two great waves of agriculture meet, and where these products begin to be exchanged, is a great material advantage. And this advantage is increased fourfold when it is remembered that this border land can produce at pleasure the peculiar staples of either section. The proof of this is found not only in the census reports, wherein it is shown that North Carolina comes nearer filling every column in the blanks than any other State, but also in the reports of men of science, who say that the flora presents a greater variety of species than can be found in any other portion of the continent. Professor Kerr, our State geologist, tells me that North Carolina contains over 2,500 species of plants. The fauna is also in the same excess over all other regions of the Union.

Here the long-leaf pine, the live-oak and the palmetto meet the Arctic spruces, the firs, and the Siberian birches of the North, and the magnolia spreads its glossy tropical foliage by the side of the hardy acorn-bearing oak. This variety of production is aided greatly by the shape of the earth's surface. From tide-water westward there is a gradual and steady rise of the land until the tops of the highest mountains are reached at an elevation of more than 6,700 feet. Computing 300 feet elevation equal to one degree, this would give us on the line of the 35th parallel, from the sea shore to the summit of Mt. Mitchell, all the varieties of climate and production to be found between that line and the 57th degree north. The country consists of three distinct regions, different in age and character, The first is the sand bed, extending from the shore of the ocean to the western edge of the long-leaf pine belt, about 100 miles in width. The course of this belt is almost precisely parallel to that of the sea shore and of the Blue Ridge, between which two it is situated, a little east of midway. This indicates very clearly that it was once, at no distant geological period, the Atlantic coast line and the broad flat plains between it and the present coast, filled with marl and marine fossils, constituted the bottom of the ocean. Geologically, this region belongs to the Post Pliocene or Quartenary age, which formations cover the whole surface, with the minutest out-croppings, on the banks of the streams, of Eocene and Miocene here and there. These meet the Triassic rocks south and west of Raleigh, which contain the coal measures, and the upper Laurentian rocks north and East of Raleigh.

In this belt are found the "pitch, tar, turpentine and lumber," which the old geographers declared constituted the "staple products of North Carolina." This ancient joke has stuck to us for more than half a century, and has invested us with the steadfast and fragrant soubriquet of "Tar-Heels." Happily, though the name remains, we are fast ceasing to

deserve it. The constant drain upon the pine forests has so much exhausted them that the traffic in their products has become comparatively unimportant. Smiling fields of corn and cotton occupy their places, and the lands which were once thought to be worthless except for their lumber, are becoming veritable gardens of fertility. Some 200,000 bales of cotton, 500,000 bushels of beans and peanuts—those invaluable aids to American railroad travel and legislation—3,000,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, 10,000,000 bushels of corn, and the immense fields of peach trees and swelling vineyards of blushing grapes, all chiefly the product of that piney region of white sand, are enough to justify a new edition of the school geographies and redeem us from the implied reproach of the joke. Not only can this soil be made useful to the agriculturist beyond what was expected after the exhaustion of its forests, but it has developed a capacity for some products superior to any soil on the continent. It produces near a half million bushels of sweet potatoes more than any other State, and of a quality perhaps better. It is the very home of the famous scuppernong grape which grows there with a luxuriance surpassing belief. One vine on Roanoke Island, known as Walter Raleigh's vine, is said to have covered an entire acre of ground, and to have produced in its prime more than 200 bushels of grapes. It is well authenticated that four vines will frequently cover an acre, producing fifty bushels of grapes each. The different varieties and seedlings of this grape flourish equally well wherever the long-leaf pine is found. And to the very base of the mountains, and all around their southern slopes, the grape of many kinds grows with profusion and bears fruit with luxuriant abundance. In view of the facts attending the beginning of grape culture here, I am tempted to predict that in a few years North Carolina will become the chief wine-producing State in the Union, California not excepted. So much for "pitch, tar, turpentine and

lumber." The places that know them now will soon know them no more. Peace to their memory! They were good friends in their day, and we are not ashamed of their association. We have no objection to being termed "Tar-Heels," and if our neighbors enjoy the joke, why, so do we!

After leaving this region comes next the Traissic formations containing the coal, which is a narrow belt, and then the regular azoic division, the Laurencian and Huronean rock, which, with inconsiderable exceptions, reach to the western limits of the State. They furnish a gravelly clay soil, and the face of the country is gently broken by an agreeable succession of hills and valleys. The latter are filled with streams and generally bordered by rich lowlands between the foot hills and the water. It is all well timbered, and produces every variety of farm crops. It much resembles the Piedmont uplands of Virginia. In addition to the commercial disadvantges North Carolina labors under, of having a cost cut up with sounds and sandbanks, the rivers present another. The three greatest rivers, Catawba, Yadkin and the Dan, run *out* of the State, and, with the exception of the latter, which enters again as the Roanoke, pour their navigable floods into the sea in other States, and it is noticeable that each, from its rising, runs due east and sweeps around by a vast arc to the south. There are only about 3,000 miles of river flow proper in the State, but the water power, owing to its high lands being the source of so many great streams, is absolutely immense. In a climate subject to neither extreme of heat or cold, where they never freeze over, and where health is assured in the midst of a fertile provision-producing country, their fitness for manufacturing purposes surpasses that of most of the American States, and is equal to that of any.

The last grand division of the State is in the mountains in the extreme west. The great Atlantic system of elevated chains finds its culminating point in North Carolina, and con-

stitutes by far the most important and interesting feature in our landscape.

This chain or system was called by the Spanish adventurer De Soto, Appalachian, and by the native Indians, from whose mellow-tongue most of our sweet euphonious local designations are derived, *Alleghency*, which means the "endless." They are well named in this respect, being nearly 1,500 miles long, extending from that part of Canada which lies between the New England States and the St. Lawrence, clear through the intervening space to Northern Alabama, where they melt into the plains which are drained into the Gulf. Their conformity to the coast line is remarkable. Before they reach North Carolina they have lost the coal and nearly all the palæozoic characteristics which they bear in other States, and present here only the features which mark them as among the oldest formations of the world. In respect to their geology, and the character and variety of their flora, they constitute a region of peculiar interest to the man of science. But I do not propose to deal with them in this light. I simply desire to give the reader some idea of their general features, and call attention to their capacities for agriculture and manufactures. In another paper I shall attempt some pictures of their scenery.

Their general elevation is about 4,000 feet, and that of the land is about 2,500. Their direction is from northeast to southwest, and they consist of two great parallel ranges, known locally as the Blue Ridge on the east and the Alleghaneys on the west. These ranges at regular intervals are connected by huge traverse beams, running from one to the other. These force the waters which rise between the ranges to run east and west, meeting each other in the deepest valleys, which burst through the western chain northward, at right angles to the main direction. Ten of these deep right-angle valleys sweep away the waters of ten thousand smaller intermediate valleys, forming some of the largest rivers in the United States—as

the Tennessee and the great Kanawha. The main ranges are remarkable for their parallelism, pursuing almost precisely the same line of direction, turning in new courses simultaneously, and preserving the relative distance between them with great uniformity. They will average about fifty miles in breadth, and their spurs and outlying ranges perhaps ten miles more. Their greatest elevation, Mt. Mitchell, is 6,711 feet, more than 400 feet higher than Mt. Washington. There are about twenty peaks over 6,000 feet, and fifty over 5,000 feet high. The Grandfather and the Roane are termed by Professor Guyot the *gateways* of this great group of Southern Highlands. Each of these mighty pillars is over 6,000 feet high, and they stand about twenty miles apart, nearly due east and west. The total length of the system in North Carolina is about 300 miles, and it covers one-fifth of the surface of the State, or about 10,000 square miles.

Four of the longest rivers in the United States have their sources in this region, within about forty miles of each other, and run towards opposite points of the compass—to wit, the Tennessee running west, the Great Kanawha running north, the Yadkin or Great Pedee running east, and the Catawba or Wateree running southeast by south. This marks the great elevation of the land unmistakably. The whole face of the landscape is covered with forests of most luxuriant growth. The very wildest mountains are densely wooded to their summits, which, with the exception of an occasional prairie, are crowned with brilliant diadems of arborescent glory. Indeed, this is the case with almost the entire State. Out of the 50,000 square miles which our area covers, but 10,000 have been stripped of their forests and reduced to cultivation. Full 40,000 square miles—an area quite as large as the present limits of Virginia—are still in virgin wilderness, waiting to become the homes of our children! And whilst it indicates that we have increased in numbers slowly, and are behind

our sisters in wealth and population in some degree, yet in many respects this vast store of reserved riches is to me a high source of congratulation and pleasure. Should our population grow in the future at the same rate as it has done in the past, our descendants will have ample room for a thousand years to come. The effect of our forests upon our climate, and the regular, unfailing flow of our streams, must necessarily be beneficial. In the course of my life I can remember but one drought which seriously affected the crops, which happened in 1845; and the distress caused by this was confined within very narrow limits. Doubtless the sheltering canopy of our vast forests have much to do with these results. The character of the trees varies with the soil and elevation. About 120 different species are found in the State, of which nineteen are oaks alone and nine are pines. The rich soils of the mountain coves produce the most splendid specimens of timber trees in the United States. In truth, after diligent inquiry and careful reading, I am prepared to assert that this Appalachian region of North Carolina is the most fertile and bountifully-wooded mountain range in the world; nor are their bosoms less rich than their surfaces. Within are found gold, copper, iron in great abundance, graphite, baryta, corundrum, manganese, marble, mica in vast quantities, buhrstone, porcelain clay, kaolin, and occasional diamonds in itacolumite belts at their bases. But this paper is too long and statistical already, and warning the sentimental reader to skip it altogether, I shall close.

EDUCATION.

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It is a source of unfeigned mortification to every North Carolinian that his State continues to be put down in the census reports at the foot of the list in regard to education. Though she has made considerable advancement, as compared with her previous condition, she has not diminished the distance which for forty years has intervened between herself and her sister States. A mountaineer, whom I once visited at his home on business connected with an approaching Congressional election, received me at his cabin door with a cordial greeting, and introduced me to his wife and nine children with the homely witticism: "Me and my wife begun life with nothing, Colonel, and you see we've held our own." I told him, and told him truly, that no man was poor who had nine strong and affectionate children. This is North Carolina's case: she began with poor chances for popular education, and has held her own. Though rich in the stalwart sons and noble daughters which have blessed her existence, she has not dressed and polished those corner-stones of her beauty as she should have done. It is written: "Lo! children are an heritage of the Lord. As arrows are in the hands of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

Does this state of things prove that North Carolinians are more indifferent to education than their neighbors? If such a presumption arises, I think it may be rebutted by our history. There seems to have been a fatality attending all our efforts in this direction, to which but few if any other of the American States have been subjected.

Notwithstanding King Charles, in his charter to the Lords Proprietors, was graciously pleased to say that they were "excited with a laudable zeal for the propagation of the christian faith," we know in fact that the whole scheme was for the purpose of gain. The grant was a largesse to the royal favorites, some of whom were men of broken fortunes and dissolute character. They were not even actuated by the common desire of reaping fame by the establishment of new communities and extending the power and glory of their country. Their great object in opening a wilderness to civilization was to make money. Aside from this, they had no care for the welfare of those whom they planted there. It is a most remarkable fact that in the entire 120 articles of the fundamental constitutions of Locke, prepared at the request of the Lords Proprietors, not one word is said about popular education, or education of any sort. The rights and privileges of the dignitaries, the formation of courts, the distribution of executive legislation and judicial powers, the establishment of the Church of England, and especially the taxes, profits and properties of the proprietors, are all provided for most minutely; everything except the most important of all—the mental improvement of the people. And as it was forbidden to change or add to these constitutions, it is to be fairly presumed that this subject was designedly omitted and was never to be inserted. The aristocratic elements of England still cling to the idea that their privileges were only to be preserved by the repression of popular intelligence. They were jealous of education as the sworn foe of tyranny and exclusiveness everywhere. It was yet many generations before they got rid of that baleful photophobia and acquired in its stead that enlightened and noble spirit which has made their descendants the strength and glory of their nation and the benefactors of civilization. Each of these grantees—except the Duke of Albemarle, who had been a Cromwellian—was a staunch royalist, and had

sided against the people in their struggles for liberty under Charles I., and no doubt they were fully impressed with the danger of giving the masses too much knowledge. For more than sixty years the infant colony labored under this grasping and knowledge-repressing tyranny, and during a period of one hundred years scarcely an effort was made by their distant masters to impart to them the blessings of education; while their own repeated attempts to establish schools were either thwarted, refused altogether, or clogged with humiliating conditions. Even Locke's provisions for religious liberty, which were liberal beyond the spirit of the age, were disregarded or totally abrogated, as tending too directly to the establishment of a democratic feeling. This disposition was fully manifested in the declaration of Sir William Berkley, then Governor of Virginia and controlling the Albemarle region in 1671: "I thank God there is no free school, and no printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, heresy, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government." The first step taken by the royal authority for public education was by Governor Dobbs in 1760, who in that year recommended to the Legislature that the vestry of each parish should raise a small sum to pay a parish clerk and register, to act as schoolmasters in the absence of the clergymen. This was eagerly complied with by the people, who were zealous for education, the money was raised, but before it could be applied it was *borrowed* by the Governor and Council for some "military necessity," and never returned, from which we discover that carpetbagism is much older than 1865. In 1766 an act was passed chartering an academy in New Berne, in which it was "provided always," that nobody but a member of the Church of England should be a teacher, and even he should not teach without a license from the Governor! So determined were their rulers that our an-

cestors should get no instruction except as *they* saw proper to dole it out. In 1770 an act was passed incorporating the trustees of a schoolhouse in Edenton, in which the same proscriptive and insulting feature was inserted, yet it is mentioned in the preamble to both acts that the people by voluntary subscriptions had erected the buildings and been at all the expense.

The attempt to found the first college in the State, the act for incorporating which had also been passed at the same session (1770) of the Colonial Legislature, met with even a worse fate. So flagrant an innovation upon the royal policy as the chartering of a college required the special approbation of the home government. Every means suggested by policy was adopted to secure this approval. The county in which it was to be located was called Mecklenburg, after the house of the royal consort, Mecklenburg Strelitz: the town was called by her name, Charlotte, and the institution itself was called Queen's College. This strategy—recently so successfully employed by our Legislature in establishing new counties—utterly failed. The royal approbation was refused, and the act was repealed by proclamation! No doubt because education was dangerous to tyranny, as well as because nearly all concerned in establishing it were non-conforming Presbyterians and Whigs. They took their revenge, however, of the royal bigot George III. in due season.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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Five years after the abortive attempt to organize the Mecklenburg College the good people of North Carolina threw off their allegiance to the British Crown, and denounced the tyrant George in the face of the world. Two years after that event they chartered their college by their own authority, and called it LIBERTY HALL. The preamble recites that "whereas the popular education of youth in this infant country is highly necessary, and would answer the most valuable and beneficial purposes to this State and the good people thereof," &c. These are sentiments worth infinitely more than the 120 articles of Locke at their best estate.

Under such rulers and with such influences excited against them up to the very hour of breaking away from the parent country, it is not to be wondered at that great ignorance prevailed among the common people of the colony, and that the foundations of learning were so poorly and insecurely laid. Mr. Jefferson might well have added as another cause for throwing off British authority, that she had systematically refused the colonies the blessings of education, even at their own expenses. The real wonder is, that with so little encouragement and so much repression, there should have been so great a desire for education after the rupture. This spark was undoubtedly kindled and kept alive by the exertions of a few pious clergymen, who, from their log cabin seminaries in different parts of the State, sent forth small but life-giving streams of literature, liberty, and religion all over the land. Governor Berkley's hope in regard to newspapers was not quite fulfilled. In less than a hundred years after his declara-

tion—to wit, in 1749, the first printing press was established in the colony, in the town of New Berne. This good work we owe to James Davis, a Virginian. From it the first volume of our statutes, called from the color of its binding the "Yellow Jacket," was issued. Truly the thing that has been is the thing that shall be. History repeats itself in the smallest as in the greatest events. Magnus the Good, King of Norway, says Carlyle (in the eleventh century) had distinguished himself as a lawmaker. "His code of laws for the Trondhjem province was considered a pretty piece of legislation, and in subsequent times got the name of 'Gray Goose' (Gragos); one of the wonderfulest names ever given to a wise book. Some say it came from the gray color of the parchment, some give other incredible origins. The last guess I have heard is that the name merely denotes antiquity; the witty name in Norway for a man growing old, having been in those times that he was now becoming a gray goose. Very fantastic, indeed. Certain, however, that 'Gray Goose' is the name of that valuable law book. Nay, there is another still more famous belonging to Ireland, and not far from a century younger, the Ireland 'Grey Goos.' The Norway is perhaps of date about 1037, the other of about 1118; peace be with both of them!" And peace be also with our "Yellow Jacket"! It marks a blessed era in our history, when the people not only began to make their own laws but to read them as well. Soon after Davis issued a newspaper called the *North Carolina Magazine, or Universal Intelligencer.* In 1764 Andrew Stewart established the second printing press in Wilmington, from which he issued a newspaper called the *North Carolina Gazette, or Weekly Post Boy.* The great popular educator, the Press, was thus fairly installed, and began its work of civilization for our people.

So strong was the desire of our ancestors for education, and so fully were they impressed with the belief that it was the

the hand-maid of liberty, that when their delegates met in Halifax, in 1776, to form a constitution, in the very heat and agony of their great struggle they incorporated a provision in that instrument that "a school or schools shall be established by the Legislature for the convenient instruction of youth, with such salaries to the masters, paid by the public, as may enable them to instruct at low prices; and all useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more Universities." This shows the germ of free schools, though doubtless by reason of their poverty and the disturbed condition of the country, they did not fully embrace the idea. They had the proper conception, however, of education in one respect: they began with the head, and established at once a university, to give tone and direction to all the rest; to educate at least their law-givers, judges and leading men, upon whom their liberties depended. By 1793 the University was fairly established—of which more in the next paper—and by the year 1800 numerous and most excellent schools and academies had sprung up in different parts of the State. Thus it would fairly appear that up to the period of our national independence, the people were not to blame for the backward state of education amongst them, but that all their efforts had been discountenanced and repressed by their royal masters. There then necessarily followed a period of poverty and exhaustion when a large outlay for school purposes was impossible, and the whole effort of our people was directed to the rebuilding of their fortunes and repairing the ravages of war. But supposing twenty years to have been sufficient for this, there intervened a long and dreary period, say from 1800 to 1835, when nothing, or next to nothing, was done for the cause of free public education. Numerous and celebrated private schools were founded and flourished, and the foundation of two or three colleges was laid, but the children of the poor were untaught. It was during this unimproved third of a cen-

tury that North Carolina fell behind her sister, and the incubus of this lost time hangs like lead to this day upon the wheels of her progress. These golden hours through which we slept have revenged themselves upon us by a plentiful harvest of regrets. About 1835 the people began slowly to awake to their duty. A system of common schools was soon thereafter inaugurated. It was defective in a high degree, and insufficiently endowed, but still it was a beginning of better things. From year to year it was improved, and its friends were increased until it began to assume very respectable and useful proportions. It was constantly growing in favor, and bade fair to answer the highest expectations of the patriotic, when it was swallowed up in the general ruin of the civil war. Since that time the world knows what chance we have had, or any other reconstructed State has had, to do anything for the lasting good of the people.

One great cause of the backwardness of the southern States on this subject is to be found in the situation of our population. Our people are widely scattered over large areas of territory, and the maintenance of schools is much more costly and difficult than in thickly settled communities. Dense populations are as highly favorable to cheap education as to all other social enterprises. It is quite common to find men moving into the towns, or from one neighborhood into another—often leaving fine plantations and sacrificing money interests—simply to get their children within reach of schools, their neighbors being so few that schools could not be maintained at home. In the aggregation of large bodies of men and women the very attrition in itself constitutes education for the masses. In addition to these disadvantages under which our fathers labored, they were perhaps the most sensitive people on the continent in regard to taxation.

In the earlier days of our history the most rigid economy was taught and practiced in every department of the Govern-

ment, our ancestors justly regarding large expenditures as oppressive to themselves, destructive of public credit, and as tending to breed corruption in the official servants. They erred undoubtedly on the side of economy. And that same spirit which retarded public education and threw us so far in the rear, likewise kept back internal improvements for a generation in our midst. Our legislators were slow to learn that a wise expenditure is the truest economy. Now that these great truths in regard to both mental and physical progress have been accepted by our people, cruel events and dishonest legislation have thrown us back again fully a quarter of a century in the march of prosperity. Truly, it is sad to contemplate. Still there is no cause for despair. All the elements of wealth and prosperity remain with us as ever. If the true sons of the State will only work as they fought and suffered, our reproach may yet be taken away from us among the nations. And let it not for a moment be supposed that these North Carolina people, of whom I so love to speak, are as far behind their neighbors as the number of them who cannot read or write would seem to indicate. The man who believes they are not wide awake on every matter where good hard sense is in demand has only to try the experiment. There are many ways of acquiring education besides reading and writing. In virtue, morality and observance of law they can point to their record with pride. The learned official who compiled the last national census gave us, with great pains, comparative tables of the proportion of inhabitants of each State who could neither read nor write, and illustrated them with "Maps of Illiteracy," which were darkly colored over North Carolina and the southern States, whilst light reigned over the North. If he had, with equal pains, given us "Maps of Crime," of social dishonor, embezzlement, political corruption, scandal, superstitions and God-defying *isms*, and all manner of iniquity, what a shifting of light and shade there would have been! And with what

pride could not Old Rip have pointed to the comparatively stainless spot on that map which marked her boundaries, as the well-deserved reward of a somewhat slow but high-toned, peaceful, modest and honest career, unblemished by dishonor.

Much is said in the learned world of the conflict between science and religion. It is assumed that there is irreconcilable war existing between the two. This is a most calamitous position for both parties. It drives them to illogical extremes; the one party seeking to destroy God and substitute a *something* not exactly agreed on, and the other to abolish human reason and substitute *faith*. Be the merits of this quarrel what they may, it is quite certain that the professors of religion have done more for science than the professors of science have done to propagate religion. Learning in North Carolina owes its existence almost entirely to the clergy. For the first hundred years of our colonial life scarcely a hand was extended to the education of the people except by them. Mental instruction with us was literally born of the Church; and religion came to our fathers clothed with the double mission of fitting them both for this world and the one to come. I have already alluded to the fact that prior to the Revolution nearly all the private schools were in the hands of the pious preachers, and that the first college was established by them. It has continued so from that day to the present. Seven-tenths of the schools of to-day are operated by Christian ministers, or under the immediate auspices of religion. I have alluded to the fact that our University was provided for in the Constitution of 1776. In accordance with this provision it was regularly incorporated in 1789; in 1792 the site was chosen, and the building was begun in the year after. The spot selected was in Orange county, about twenty-eight miles west of Raleigh, and near the geographical center of the State. No part of the country east of the mountains is so beautiful, picturesque and healthful. Near the junction of the long-leaf

pine region and the granite belt, which I have spoken of before as the ancient shore of the Atlantic, there are a number of high ridges in the region of the Huronian slates, some of whose summits attain almost to the dignity of mountains. On one of these ridges is Chapel Hill. The purest air and the freshest water are its certificates of health. At the date of its selection an almost unbroken forest covered the ridge and all the surrounding country. The corner-stone of the first building, now known as the "Old East," was laid with Masonic ceremonies by a large body of that fraternity. General Wm. R. Davie, the Grand Master, one of the most gallant and accomplished men in our early annals, conducted the proceedings. There were present, beside the trustees, many distinguished citizens and a large concourse of people from the surrounding counties. As usual, the chief orator of the day was a Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. Dr. McCorkle. The burden of his discourse—which, judging from the brief extracts that have been preserved, was full of weighty and eloquent matter—was the natural and necessary connection between learning and religion. Its first president was another Presbyterian minister, Rev. David Kerr; and instruction was first begun in 1795.

Its endowment was small. The citizens of Orange county contributed nearly twelve hundred acres of land and a small sum of money. Various citizens contributed $12,000 in cash; Governor Smith gave twenty thousand acres of land; liberal gentlemen here and there gave books; ladies contributed philosophical apparatus; and all gave something to start the bantling in which they felt such a commendable pride. The Legislature gave $10,000 in cash, and vested in its trustees the right to escheats, unclaimed moneys in hands of executors, &c., which gifts were increased subsequently by grants of lands to a considerable amount. It moved off feebly. Its first president soon resigned. Its second, Charles W. Harris,

held the position only a year, when Dr. Joseph Caldwell, another Presbyterian clergyman, took charge in 1796. He was its real founder, and is often termed the father of the University. For nearly forty years he labored faithfully to build it up. He canvassed the State, urging the people to its support; visited Europe to prapare its apparatus and collect its cabinet, formed its curriculum, fought Voltairism—which had then a strong hold in North Carolina—and taught and preached and prayed as scarcely ever man did before to bring his charge into favor and usefulness. His efforts were crowned with complete success. When death closed his arduous work, the University was beyond the reach of anything to destroy except an absolute lapse into barbarism or *reconstruction*. He, too, was of that Scotch-Irish, *Ulster* breed, of which John C. Calhoun, the greatest South Carolinian, and Andrew Jackson, the greatest North Carolinian, were descended. A handsome monument erected above his grave in the campus grove fitly commemorate his virtues and his labors; and on every commencement day for many years thereafter, his successor in solemn procession, with bared head, led the graduates, pupils and faculty around this shaft, beneath which lies the dust of this faithful and unselfish servant of his people and his God. Considering the period and the character of his labors, the assertion often made is probably true, that he did more for education in North Carolina than any man who ever lived in her borders. For in addition to his services in behalf of the University, he aroused the public mind to the subject of free schools, and prepared the way for the system which was adopted soon after his death. He also, far in advance of his age, and with a prevision equal to that of Dewitt Clinton, conceived and advocated the great trunk line of road from Beaufort harbor to the Tennessee line.

Caldwell was succeeded by Governor Swain, to whose memory I shall devote one paper of these sketches. Under his

able and judicious control the University steadily increased in public favor, efficiency and numbers, until it grew into at least the second in all the South. Certainly there was but one which claimed to surpass it. The President, like Napoleon, had the happy art of selecting first-class assistants. He gathered around him a faculty renowned for learning and ability. Dr. Elisha Mitchell, the Professor of Chemistry, Geology and Natural History, was one of the most remarkable scholars in the land. So great and accurate were his attainments, that he was the referee for all disputed or knotty points which arose in the other departments; and it was said of him that at a moment's notice, in case of absence or sickness, he could fill the chair of any other professor in the University. His tragic end in the mountains of the West in 1867 is fresh in the memory of all, and I propose to devote a subsequent paper to it. The venerable Dr. James Phillips, now also gone to his rest, was at the head of the mathematical department, and inaugurated that rigid and thorough system therein which became so celebrated. His still more famous son, Dr. Charles Phillips, now of Davidson College, succeeded the father, and has, perhaps, not half a dozen superiors in America in that department. Time would fail me to speak of Hubbard, and Fetter, and Olmstead, and Hooper, Battle, Hepburne, and Hawks, and the rest. Their names are familiar to thousands in the world of letters. Dissociated from all political and theological bias, the University soon became the pride and ornament of the State. The sons of the old Commonwealth, scattered far and near throughout the great South and West, with grateful fondness sent their boys "back home" to be educated, and gathered themselves there to witness their triumphs on commencement days. There they looked again upon their old Mother and shook hands with their kindred. Chapel Hill became the center of a thousand pleasing affections, both for North Carolinians at home and North Caro-

linians abroad. The Alumni—constituting many of the greatest and best men of any country—flocked there periodically. Literary men in all professions went there to renew their draughts at the sparkling fountains and mingle in the charming society which abounded at the classic spot. Beauty, too, flocked there, radiant with its divinest charms; for beauty adores literature in Maccassar oil, Byronic collars, and shiny cravats! No North Carolina belle considered herself as fairly in the field until she had made at least one campaign in Chapel Hill, bringing away, dangling at her belt, the scalps of a half dozen seniors or juniors, with no end of weeping sophs and soft-hearted freshmen. Considerately, too, the stern discipline of college was relaxed, and gaiety and fun reigned supreme. Dignified professors either *let go* or retired. The trustees built for such occasions an elegant ball-room, in which hundreds of youthful feet chased the glowing hours. The relaxation was general, the joy universal. The shady groves—in full June glory—were filled with enamored couples, who wandered through its mazes, roamed through the halls, the libraries, the laboratories, whispering, no doubt, the old and ever-new story!

Such it continued, growing into our hearts and planting its pupils in every corner of the State and South, until it has educated about three thousand young men. Then came the war. Almost every class was immediately emptied into the army. The young blood was on fire; it was soon poured out like water. The roll call of the classes of 1861 would be one of the saddest exhibits of the war. With great difficulty the indefatigable President kept up the classes through the struggle, until 1868. Then the new order of things came, and the great disciples of progress and education took charge of our University. The old professors who had been mainly instrumental in building up its high renown, and had devoted their entire lives to its service, were turned out to grass, and a

loyal lot, including two carpetbags, much worn, were put in their places. Happily, Governor Swain was spared this humiliation. His benignant spirit had quietly passed away a few months before. A revenue officer of approved loyalty reigned in his stead. The Odessey and the Æneid were to be fitly mingled with the raid on whisky distilleries and the assessment of tobacco boxes. Science and the *humanities* were henceforth to flourish, side by side, with loyalty and tax-gathering from a ruined people, wherein no *humanity* was to be found. Of the new board of trustees very few were *Alumni*, still fewer were men of letters, and some were men of disreputable character. The institution was thrown open to all colors. The old management was denounced as aristocratic, and it was spoken of by the new lights as a school for "gentlemen's sons." They speedily and most effectually wiped out this reproach. The reformation wherewith they reformed it, bore a strong family likeness to that with which Attila and his Scythian progressionists civilized Italy. Having fastened themselves in the seats of the old professors, with good salaries attached, they blew the trumpet and announced to the world that the day of educational regeneration had dawned in North Carolina. They waited for students. They are waiting for them still—at least the internal revenue president is waiting, for something—it may be for the transit of Venus—it may be for an invasion of common decency sufficient to justify him in leaving—certainly it is with no prospect of benefiting the State. [Since this was written the new progress president has been ejected by a decision of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, in a suit brought against him by the Trustees under the amended constitution of the State; and the Legislature having made a liberal appropriation for its support, there is good hope of the University being useful again.] And whilst this waiting has been going on, decay and loyalty—worse than decay by reason of the *asportarit*—have also been at work.

This noble property of the State is fast sinking into ruin. Many of the grand old trees have been laid low for firewood. Doors are off hinges and broken down, windows without blinds or glass, carpets torn up and carried off, the halls are measurably stripped of their furniture, pictures and adornings; and almost everything portable is either injured, destroyed or stolen. And, worst of all, the libraries—comprising about twenty thousand volumes belonging to the University and the two societies—have in a great degree shared the same fate. How many volumes have been pillaged and carried away it is impossible to tell—happily books are not a popular object of larceny—but the damage to those remaining is distressing. An air of melancholy, of *ruin*, pervades everything where once there was so much active and intelligent life, where so much of North Carolina's moral and intellectual greatness were found and fitted for her advancement; where were centered so much of her hope and her pride. Truly, in the words of an ardent and cultivated daughter of the State, who lately gazed upon the painful spectable, "On these walls written Ichabod—for the glory is departed!"

When will it return? When shall we again have a *head* to our State schools and our reviving education? Strenuous and measurably successful efforts are being made to supply its place by the various religious denominations. Five colleges are beginning to flourish in different parts of the State, and have already attained to great usefulness. But we want *our own* University again, which shall be the child of the State. None desire it more than these same colleges—to their praise be it said—whose professors are wise enough to know that education begets education, and that there is no mean rivalry between those who earnestly pursue knowledge and pray for the prosperity of our political Zion. The hope of this restoration depends upon the Alumni. It is one of the calamities inflicted upon us—not so much by the war as by the plunder-

ing of the slain after the battle—which imperatively demands the utmost exertions of our people to repair. Our honor and our dearests interests alike require that we should breathe again the breath of life into this noble once institution—the priceless legacy of our hard-handed but wise forefathers, and with it bring up free education for all the children of the State.

SKETCH OF D. L. SWAIN.

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The late ex-Governor David L. Swain was one of the most remarkable men ever produced by North Carolina. He was born in the county of Buncombe, in the year 1801, and without the advantages of fortune or thorough education, he made his way by the pure force of intellect and an exemplary character to the highest offices of the State. At the age of thirty-two years he was made Governor—the youngest man by two months who has ever filled that office—and in 1835, two years afterwards, he was made President of our University, which position he filled without intermission until his death in 1868. In this he found a congenial occupation every way suited to his love of literature and learned quiet, and his ambition rested.

He was indeed at home in this sphere. Never did a Grecian philosopher gather about him his disciples with more pride and delight than did Governor Swain feel in the midst of his three or four hundred "boys," who annually surrounded him at Chapel Hill. Their society was to him almost the charm of life, and to instruct them from day to day, not only in the learning of the curriculum, but in all the vast stores of human knowledge, and in all the grand principles which tend to perfect the character of man, was his greatest ambition. Imperfectly educated when he assumed the presidency, and chosen more for his fitness of character and administrative qualities than for his scholarship, he became himself a diligent student, and at his death had perhaps no superior in the United States in the departments in which he lectured—constitutional and international law, moral science and political economy. But his knowledge was encyclopedic in its range, especially in

English literature. So overflowing were his stores, that the writer remembers with grateful pleasure, as no doubt do hundreds of others, many and many occasions, when forgetting altogether the subject in hand, he would stand up, rear his tall, ungainly figure in front of his class, and go off in an outgush of eloquence, poetry, history, biography, anecdote and humor that would wrap us all in enchantment, and the hour would be consumed without a word in regard to the subject of the recitation proper. I never was more impressed than I have been on such occasions with the advice of the ancient sage who had brought his son to him to be taught eloquence. "Fill his mind," said he, "with virtue and knowledge, and eloquence will come of itself." Certainly no man owed less to advantitious aids. His voice was peculiar and unpleasant, so much so that to imitate it successfully was the highest aim of those of the students who aspired to the noble art of mimicry; and the youth who finally attained such proficiency as to deceive a short-sighted postmaster in open daylight and get possession of the Governor's mail matters, was voted a consummate genius. In person he was exceedingly ill-formed and uncouth; his knees smote together in most unmilitary manner, and viewing the many, independent and totally incongruous angles of his body, the tailors sat down in despair. A story is told of him that having a shoulder dislocated at one time, which from some cause had been imperfectly put in place, he repaired to an eminent surgeon not far away to have the articulation properly restored. On divesting him of his clothing, the surgeon exclaimed, "My dear sir, your are in a bad fix indeed; *you are dislocated all over!*" No one enjoyed this story more than himself, or made more good-natured allusions to his own appearance.

But his countenance redeemed his person. His brow was a noble one of the highest intellectual type, and his eye beamed with intelligence and universal humanity. Carlyle says:

"Happy is the man who has found his work." Governor Swain had found his, and with a senior class of a hundred youths before him he was happy. His most remarkable mental trait was memory, and the direction in which that faculty was most noticeably exercised was in biography and genealogy. In this particular he had perhaps no superior in America. A boy coming to college need bring no letter to Governor Swain by way of introduction. Not only in his own State was it so, but also from the most distant southern and southwestern States it was the same. If the boy would tell his father's and grandfather's names, straightway he was known, and all his kindred with him. Knowing all the principal families of the Southern Atlantic States, he took note of their migrations Westward, and when their sons returned East for education he would generally tell them more of their family history than they knew before. Amazed at his display of this geneological history, the writer once said to him: "Governor, don't you know when every man in North Carolina of any prominence cut his eye-teeth?" "Oh, no," said he, "but I remember very well when you, sir, had the measles."

I will venture to assert that there was not a family in the Atlantic States, from Main to Florida, which had been in any way prominent in politics, literature or theology, that he did not know more or less of its history and members. As an evidence of that fact I will relate this incident: In May, 1865, the writer received a pressing invitation, borne by three hundred of Kilpatrick's cavalry, to visit Washington city as the guest of the nation. The invitation was accepted, and on taking steamboat at New Berne I found on boad a delegation, headed by Governor Swain, going on to see President Johnson on political business. In the cabin of the steamer a number of passengers were seated, Governor Swain and myself being on opposite sides, and facing each other. A Federal officer, with the shoulder-straps of a captain, took a seat by me, and asked if

"old Governor Vance" was in the saloon. I replied that he was. Then pointing to Governor Swain, he asked if that "old cock was him?" I said "No." Then said he, "Where is he?" To which I replied, "He is talking to you, sir." With many blushes and apologies for his seeming rudeness, he explained that he had been misled by hearing the gentleman opposite addressed as "Governor," and naturally supposed it must be Governor Vance, who he had heard was on board as a prisoner. I told him who Governor Swain was, and of his remarkable knowledge of biography, &c., and offered, by way of amusement, to introduce him, and see if Governor Swain didn't know more about his family than he did himself. He gave me his name as Captain Davis, of Massachusetts. We walked across the saloon, and I introduced him in due form. Whilst still holding his hand, the Governor asked him the relationship between himself and a certain gentleman in Massachusetts, who proved to be the Captain's uncle. The Governor then told him his father's name, his mother's, that of other uncles, aunts, and grand-parents; told him where his father was prepared for college, and by whom; where and when he graduated; with many other particulars, some of which, sure enough, the astonished and dumfoundered Captain had never heard before!

His knowledge of unwritten family history was excelled, if possible, by his familiarity with the lives of all historic personages, of ancient, mediæval, and modern times; and his collection of anecdotes and incidents was apparently exhaustless. Days and nights together he would pour them forth without the slightest repetition. He told them, too, with all the eloquence and point of a true story-teller; an art which constitutes the main charm of conversation. He was a gem-hunter in literature, and always, so to speak, carried his pockets full of the brightest specimens of the mines he had explored. Analagous examples and curious coincidences inter-

larded his discourse, and illustrated his themes, in most vivid and picturesque style.

For thirty-three years he thus shut himself out from the allurements of ambition and devoted himself to the highest and noblest service of the State, for what service is greater than the educating and fitting out of the statesmen, legislators, jurists and divines of a country. This he did, and did well, for a third of a century, and eternity alone can reveal the influence which he thus indirectly exerted upon the intelligence, morals, and general welfare, not only of his native State, but in all that vast region known as the South and Southwest, where his pupils have filled every possible office and position. More famous honors were within his easy reach, had he desired them, and the stimulants of high and generous competition were not wanting to fire ambitious blood. It was the day of great men in North Carolina—Morehead, Graham, Mangum, Badger, Sanders, Moore, Ruffin, Manly, Hawks and Gaston were his cotemporaries and intimate friends. A constellation of great intellects, not outshone by any similar cluster in the American heavens. Amongst even these he could have appeared as a star of the first magnitude. He had already risen, earlier in the time of coming forth and further toward the zenith, than any of them. But he preferred to tread in the quiet paths of obscure beneficence and unheralded goodness, rather than in those of political ambition. There is no evidence whatever that he ever regretted it, or desired at any time to leave the beloved institution which he had brought up from a languishing and feeble existence to a position of the highest prosperity and honor, second in point of popularity and influence to only one other university in the entire South. It was justly regarded by North Carolinians with pride and affection, not only for its own sake, but because it was a precious legacy from our fathers, the founders of our State. Those noble men, as shown elsewhere, in adopting the first

constitution in the very midst of war and suffering in December, 1776, incorporated in that instrument a provision that "all useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more universities." Accordingly, in 1789, the University of North Carolina was incorporated, endowed, as well as the feeble means of that day permitted, and in due time set agoing, amid the prayers and best wishes of a people who mingled a deep-seated love of education with a love of liberty. The spectacle thus exhibited by these brave men in providing in their fundamental law for a high order of education for their sons, in the very throes of a life-and-death struggle, is scarcely excelled by the confidence of the Roman Senate whilst Hannibal was thundering at their city gates. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that North Carolinians regarded their University with affectionate pride. The sons of our State, when wandering in distant States, carried this pride with them, and almost invariably sent their sons back "home" to be educated. As a consequence the whole southern land was thickly spread with our graduates and pupils, who filled, and now fill, all positions from President of the United States to member of the Legislature. Statesmen, orators, poets, professors, editors, soldiers, jurists and divines, in many a land, owe their better birth to the University of North Carolina, and will smile with pleasing associations at the name of "Old Bunk," as Governor Swain was affectionately called. Whilst, therefore, his devotion to this institution shut him off from fame and notoriety to a considerable extent, it yet gave him a warm place in the affections of our educated people and of his pupils everywhere.

And yet with all his great capacities, like too many others, he has left nothing for posterity to judge. His reputation is confined to his cotemporaries and such traditions as their affections may transmit. He wrote little for publication, and that is fragmentary, much of it anonymous. It is perhaps

probable that he was averse to sustained, systematic labor, and gathered his great stores of information at such times as the work would be pleasing to him, without any definite intention as to its use further than the delight of imparting it to his classes.

He had collected with great industry a very considerable amount of material concerning the early history of North Carolina, and it was hoped and expected to the day of his death that he would leave an elaborate work on that subject as a legacy to his countrymen. But whether such was his intention or not, he died in August, 1868, at the age of sixty-seven, with the task unattempted.

In the proposed disconnected sketches of North Carolina which I have undertaken to write, I could not refrain from paying this imperfect tribute to the memory of this gentle, patriotic and beneficent character. His life having been mainly spent in the unexciting and uneventful career of president of our principal institution of learning, and having passed away in the midst of the great political agitation that followed the civil war, his real merits and noble services have not been duly appreciated by our people. It is well that a State should be reminded of her great citizens who lived and died for her, not for themselves; and the study of such lives is a necessary part of every liberal education.

SKETCH OF PROF. MITCHELL.

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As a continuation of the notice of the University, a short sketch of one of its noblest and most useful professors, and his melancholy death, will not be improper or unacceptable.

Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology in the University, was born in Washington, Connecticut, in 1793. He graduated at Yale College in 1813, in the same class with George E. Badger, Thomas P. Devereux, and other distinguished southern men. In January, 1818, through the influence of Judge Gaston, he was appointed to a professorship in the University, along with Dr. Olmsted, another classmate at Yale. For nearly forty years he served the institution with a zeal, fidelity and ability scarcely surpassed in the history of literary men. His love for the natural sciences soon broke through the books and the walls of his lecture-room, and early led him to study the geology and natural history of the State. His vacations were spent in extensive surveys in every direction. Scarcely a stream, valley, mountain, coal-bed, gold field, or mineral deposits in the State, but was visited and inspected by him. So early as in 1835 he clambered the great mountain heights of the Appalachians, measured their tallest peaks, and classified the rich Canadian flora of their slopes. He it was who first determined by barometic measurement what had often been conjectured, that the peaks of the Black Mountain were higher than those of the White Mountains in New Hampshire, and his name was affixed to the loftiest summit.

In 1856 a controversy arose between Dr. Mitchell and Hon. T. L. Clingman in regard to this highest peak. The latter

claimed that he had first made known its true height, and that Dr. Mitchell had not been upon this particular peak. After considerable sparring in the newspapers, Dr. Mitchell embraced the first opportunity presented by the summer vacation of 1857 to visit that mountain again for the purpose of verifying his former visits and measurements. His son, Mr. Charles Mitchell, and a daughter, accompanied him; and inasmuch as it was desirable in the interest of science to determine the accuracy of the barometer as an instrument for the measurement of elevations, he decided to run a line of levels to the summit based upon the surveys of the North Carolina railroad, which passed near by in the valley. Ascending by the head waters of the Swannanoa, he labored on his survey, with his son, about two weeks, and had progressed about three-fourths of the distance by Saturday noon of the 27th June. At this point, about six hundred yards above a rude inn built of fir logs, known as the Mountain House, he ceased work, dismissed his son, who was his only assistant, to the farm-house in the valley, requesting him to return on Monday morning to resume the survey. He then left, saying he intended to cross the great range and descend into the opposite valley of Caney river, by the route which he had traversed in 1844, and, if possible, see the guides who had then accompanied him. He was never again seen alive. On Monday morning the son clambered up to the appointed place, but the father was not there. The day passed without his appearance. The next morning's sun found the anxious son waiting on the crags beside the deserted tripod, and waiting in vain. The sun rode slowly and tediously through the south and west, and passed the gates of evening into his glorious couch behind the mountain peaks, and still the father came not. Wednesday the dismal story was repeated, and by sunset of that day all allowances for accidental delays having been exhausted, and serious alarm taken their place, swift-footed runners were

started across to the other valley, a distance of full twenty miles. On Friday morning they too returned without intelligence of the good doctor; he had not reached the point for which he had started. Now, indeed, the worst was sure. Only one faint hope was left—and what a thought it was—that he might possibly be lying at the base of some tall precipice mangled, bleeding, and perishing with hunger, but yet alive! Far and fast spread the alarm throughout that sparsely peopled region, and upward poured the men of the mountains. Old men, young men and boys, farmers fresh from their fields, merchants, students, teachers, ministers; veteran hunters, with their famous rifles and shot-pouches, swept up the mountain paths with the elastic tread of youth, leading and advising the anxious multitude from the Swannanoa valley; whilst similar multitudes were ascending from Craney river. To appreciate the difficulties of such a search, which these gallant and humane men undertook; a glance at the region of the disaster is necessary.

Dwellers in the Atlantic States will scarcely comprehend that there is such a wilderness and inaccessible tract on this side of the great Western Sierras.

The Black Mountain proper is about twenty miles long, shaped like a fish-hook, with the shank lying parallel to the Blue Ridge, and close beside it. The inside of the curve is toward the north, and contains the waters of Caney river. Its shank juts boldly into the valley of South Tow, whose waters rise between it and the Blue Ridge. Standing in the center of this system there is a radius of ten miles without a single inhabited house, or road, or even an axe mark, in any direction. The region contains perhaps 100,000 acres of as absolute wilderness as may be found in the United States, and as rugged as it is wild. It is densely clad in forests. At certain lines of elevation the deciduous trees cease, and the most luxurious forests of firs prevail which are perhaps to be found in the

world. The rich, damp soil throws them up with such vigor that their tall, straight stems stand close together, and their interlocking branches shut out the light of day and fill all the pavilion beneath with a funeral gloom. Shrubs and smaller woods perish in this sun-excluded atmosphere, but the face of the earth is richly carpeted with thick elastic mosses, which hide rocks, fallen trees, and everything. The footfall makes no noise and leaves no print. Often the rank, luxuriant covering conceals dangerous caverns and pitfalls, into which the incautious traveler may disappear. Clumps of tall, graceful ferns dot this mantle of wondrous beauty, and struggle for the patches of light which now and then flicker through the opening made by some storm-conquered fir which has fallen from the ranks. Adown the slopes and throughout the gorges and ravines run streams of purest, coldest water, at first gurgling unseen beneath the mosses and ferns, then bursting forth into rushing torrents, then swelling into foaming cascades, and pouring at last in thundering cataracts over the steep mountain walls. Along these wild-water ways flourish impenetrable wildernesses of laurel, ivy, and the glowing rhododendron, so rich, rank and wild, that the mind is bewildered in its contemplation.

Such was the region in which the lost Professor was to be sought. At least five hundred men were engaged in the search. Well and faithfully did they labor. From Friday morning until Tuesday their efforts were fruitless. No trace whatever could be found, and at every moment the task grew more and more hopeless. The faint expectation of finding him alive and suffering, gradually went out of all men's minds, and then came the more sober desire to find his lifeless body. At last, on Tuesday, came a melancholy confirmation of his disputed assertion that he had been on the very highest peak in 1844. An old hunter and experienced mountaineer by the name of Wilson was present, from Yancey county, who had guided the

Professor on his former visit. He said he believed he could retrace the very route by which they had ascended thirteen years before, and expressed the opinion that the Professor had himself undertaken to descend into the valley of Caney river by that way. The result proved this opinion to be correct. A careful and minute search in the edge of a beautiful little prairie near the highest summit discovered the trail of human footsteps. So faint was it that an unpracticed eye could not have distinguished it from the mark left by some wild animal; but these mountain Nimrods, with that wonderful sagacity which is the result of close observation and almost instinctive reason, recognized it at a glance. An incredulous town-man present desired to know how they could tell it to be the impress of a man's foot. "Come here," said the hunter, pointing to a spot on a fallen tree trunk, where the rank moss had been disturbed, "kneel down and look at that closely. What do you see?" "Nothing," was the reply. "Look closer yet, and carefully. Now what do you see?" "Marks of the tacks in a shoe heel," said the astonished and enlightened town-man! The effect of this discovery was almost electric. With rapid steps and eyes as keen and true as the scent of well-trained sleuth hounds, off bounded the hunters upon the trail, and soon were lost in the rugged and fearful wilds below. A large number, feeling that they could be of no assistance in following that delicate trace, remained upon the heights, whilst the others swept downward upon the search. As the ground became rougher, and the way more difficult, the traces left by the wanderer became more plain and unmistakable. Soon the trail left the sharp crest of the ridge down which it had started, and came to the edge of a plashing stream. Adown this they followed it without difficulty for about four miles, when they came to a cataract with a sheer fall of forty feet. On the dizzy edge of this they found a broken laurel branch overhead, and torn moss under foot. Cautiously descending, they

found below the dead body of him they sought. The spot was most romantic and peculiar. Pouring over the precipice this mountain torrent had originally struck upon solid rock below, but the attrition of its waters for untold centuries had worn out a smooth, circular basin, about fourteen feet deep and as many in diameter. This was filled with cold, pure, and perfectly limpid water, in which lay the body calmly, perfectly preserved. In the very midst of that nature which he had loved so well, and whose mysteries he had studied so diligently, the great devotee had lain him down to die. Her utmost charms were lavished upon his obsequies. The pure waters enveloped him in their winding sheet of crystal; the leaping cataract sang his requiem in that wondrous and eternal song of which old ocean furnishes the grand, all-comprehensive key. Cream and golden-white flowers flaked the billowy thickets of dark green laurel, and tall, conical firs and delicately tapering spruces interlocked their weeping branches from shore to shore. No trace of man, save the broken laurel branch and the uptorn moss on the rock above, was to be seen. To all seeming, that virgin spot had seen no human face before the noble one which now looked upward from its undefiled bed upon the unspeakable beauties of the glen.

Enveloping the body in a sheet and suspending it to a pole, they bore it up those rugged steeps where an unencumbered man could scarcely stand upright, four miles to the top. Here it was desired that he should be buried, but the members of his family who could be consulted not consenting, he was placed in a rude coffin and borne by painful and tedious stages to Asheville, where he was interred by the side of another noble classmate, the Rev. John Dickson, D. D., of Charleston, S. C., and attended to the grave by a vast concourse of people. But he was not permitted long to sleep in that pleasant mountain churchyard. So great was the respect and esteem in which his character was held by all classes of our people, and so

profoundly was the public mind impressed by the circumstances of his death and the causes which led to it, that his family yielded to the almost universsl wish that his body should rest on Mount Mitchell. Accordingly, in the following summer, his remains were taken up and once more carried to that high peak, and reinterred with imposing ceremonies in the presence of a great multitude of people. It was a scene to be long remembered. The Right Rev. James H. Otey, Bishop of Tennessee, delivered the funeral oration; ex-Governor Swain made an elegant address—the former a member of the first class which the deceased had instructed at Chapel Hill, and the latter a co-laborer in the University for near a third of a century. Strangers from distant States, and from distant parts of our own State, were present; whilst all the surrounding counties were largely represented, not only by their stalwart men, but by great numbers of their wives, daughters and children, some of whom had walked and climbed perhaps twenty miles to witness the interesting scenes. The day was calm and bright. The level spot on the summit, not larger than a good-sized room, was tickly filled with spectators who spread far down its conical sides. Here in the face of all the inexpressible glories which spread out in every direction, high over the Atlantic world, and far removed, as all such scenes should ever be, from the strife and tumult of the lower and distant lands, and where Nature exerted her grandest charms to lift the souls of men to the contemplation of Him from whose hand they came, they laid the Christian hero's dust to rest. His monument and his tomb are one, and a grander hath no man had in this world. It looks eastward toward his New England birthplace, and behind him is the great land of the Southwest, filled with so many whom he loved and taught. "There," says Professor Charles Phillips, once a beloved pupil and long a fellow teacher in the University, "he shall rest until the Judgment Day, in a mausoleum such as

no other man has ever had. Reared by the hands of Omnipotence, it was assigned to him by those to whom it was given thus to express their esteem, and it was consecrated by the lips of eloquence warmed by affection amidst the rites of our holy religion. Before him lies the North Carolina he loved so well and served so faithfully. From his lofty couch its hills and valleys melt into its plains as they stretch away to the shores of the eastern ocean, whence the dawn of the last day stealing quietly westward, as it lights the mountain tops first, shall awake him earliest to hear the greeting of "WELL DONE, GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT."

CATAWBA VALLEY.

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As the traveler through North Carolina approaches the mountains going westward, he will meet first a range of lofty-lying hills, sometimes reaching to an elevation of 2,500 feet, running exactly parallel with the Blue Ridge. They bear different names in the various counties in which they lie—Sawratown Mountains in Stokes, Brushy Mountains in Wilkes, South Mountains in Burke and McDowell, Cherry Mountains in Rutherford, and Tryon Mountains in Polk county. This range, the advance guard of the great Appalachians, forces our principal rivers—the Yadkin and Catawba—eastward for near a hundred miles in their beginnings before permitting them to sweep around to the south where is the natural decline of the land. Farther west, Broad river, the head-waters of the Congaree, makes directly through this range southeast, nearly at a right angle to the course of the present range, and is the only stream of any considerable size in the State which does thus immediately leave its mountain springs. The others linger along in sight of their cool, cloud-swept sources, laving the feet of their life-giving summits as though loath to quit their refreshing shadows and plunge through the sun-scorched plains to the ever-awaiting, all-swallowing sea.

The valleys thus formed between the great and the lesser ranges are as fertile and charming as can be found in any part of our southern land. The streams themselves are bright and clear, and roll swiftly over pebbles which the attrition of thousands of years of storm and roaring torrents have worn into sparkling polish. From every opening cove on either side come rushing in rippling, plashing tributaries, swelling

the silver tide which is to carry joy and life to the great lands which await its coming. Their banks, with a wide-spread bordering of rich alluvial bottom lands, are ornamented with the wealth, intelligence and culture of our State, and furnish a rural population not surpassed, perhaps, in the United States in all that constitutes good citizenship. Health, plenty, and a robust independence swarm along their waters to the very bursting springs on the mountain sides. Up these streams—the Broad, Yadkin and Catawba—climbed the tide of emigrant settlers in the early days. Slowly and painfully they marched and fought—like an army in motion, ever cautious, ever on the alert—driving back savage foes and defacing nature with log-cabins and rude clearings; and always with that unerring, instinctive outlook for the best lands which marked our pioneers. What a life of mixed delight their's must have been in spite of its discomforts, fatigues and dangers! A squatter, with his hardy wife and half-wild brood, comes upon a broad expanse of bottom, unoccupied—perhaps untrodden by the foot of civilized man. It is densely covered with cane, in which the bear and the buffalo live in countless plenty. The sloping hills which bind the canebreaks have been swept by fire, according to the custom of our Indian tribes, destroying every year the tender underbrush and leaving their undulating ridges covered with rank, luxuriant grass and peavine, through which the antlered red stag and his timid mate roam like domestic herds in fenced fields. The stream is filled with fish—the red horse, black bass, mullet, and the silver-scaled shad—and its bosom is covered with wild ducks. Beside some sweet-watered spring he builds his log-cabin, clears away the cane for his corn-patch, and begins his life of rude plenty, independence and danger. Alone in the glowing wilderness he lays the foundation of a fortune for his descendants in more senses than one; for he not only leaves them a splendid and constantly increasing real estate, but

likewise a heritage of homely good sense, courage, love of freedom, sturdy self-dependence and ready adaptability to circumstances, which have become the distinguishing characteristics of many of our leading families, and brought to their members honor and renown.

The good county of Burke, called after the great English statesman, formerly covered the whole upper waters of the Catawba, and extended quite across the mountains to the Tennessee border. The riches and the beauty of this valley country made in the most attractive in the State; and at a very early day, not later than 1760, it was filled by settlers of the best type, principally Irish and Scotch-Irish, with a sprinkling of Dutch. They seized upon the fertile river bottoms and the lowlands of the numerous tributaries of the Catawba, and laid the foundation of wealth and comfort for many thousands of their descendants. The principal settlers were the Averys, Erwins, Tates, Caldwells, Waltons, Lenoirs, Connellys, McDowells, Greenlees, Forneys, Pearsons, Burgins, Lytles, Carsons, and many others who cannot be named in so short an article as this. All of them were active and zealous participators in the Indian wars of the early days or in the struggle of the Revolution. It became a center of patriotism and intelligence. It furnished one of the principal signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration, and the senior commander of the troops who won the battle of King's Mountain, the most successful militia fight of the whole war—almost the entire male population of the county took part in that brief but brilliant campaign. Such could not fail to make good citizens in peace and excellent society. In fact, that valley region became, in time, the seat of culture and refinement of Western North Carolina, and to this day it maintains its high reputation in this respect. No portion of our State better illustrated that southern country life which so much resembles that of the English. The land was filled with independent, well-to-do

gentlemen, with ample estates well stocked with flocks and herds which fed upon the rich mountain pastures in the summer and were cared for on the meadows of the lowlands in winter. Slavery, in a truly patriarchal form, flourished among them, the servants constituting a much regarded and protected part of every gentleman's family. The hills were everywhere mingled with gold, and after the luxuriant crops of the bottom lands were gathered, the farmers and their slaves reaped another harvest of the precious metal from their own lands sufficient for all their purposes. The greatest labor then of the Burke planter was to consume the products of his barn before the next season. It was almost a point of honor that he should do so, for to have a surplus on hand when the new crop came in was a reflection on his hospitality; and most faithfully did he labor to avoid such a reproach. The village of Morganton was the center around which their homes were located. From its points of observation may be seen the grand outlines of the Blue Ridge, with the peaks of the Table Rock, Hawk's Bill, and the Grandfather, wreathing with clouds, or, in fair weather, bathed in the glorious azure of distant highlands. Hard by rolled the fresh, rapid Catawba, and thickly over all the bold uplands stood the seats of these gentlemen farmers, the smoke from whose chimneys rose lazily upon the pure, transparent atmosphere as a sign unmistakable of hospitality and good cheer. Rounds of visiting, by whole families, with horses, carriages and servants, lasting for days and weeks, were then the fashion. They made both days and nights "of it." Pleasure was a serious and engrossing business. And why not? It was literally a land of abundance. Physical want was unknown or cost but little to relieve. The poorest cabin in the country could offer the passer-by an excellent, substantial meal, and a common laborer could make two or three dollars per day digging gold whenever he saw proper to work. They had small motive and less desire to lay

up riches, and their's was perhaps a wise philosophy, which induced them to enjoy their goods to the utmost.

The men mostly, I grieve to say, enjoyed among other things, a horse-race more than the weekly prayer-meeting, and a set-to of thoroughbred game chickens more than a lecture on foreign missions. But notwithstanding these Belial spots on their escutcheons, they were admirable specimens of the old-time Southern country gentlemen—upright, scornful of mean things, shrewd and intelligent, lovers of liberty and good government, domineering, hospitable, charitable, kindly and courageous. They constituted one of the few sections of our State which at an early period after the Revolution became aware of the importance of female education to our progress in civilization. Our early efforts at education, as was customary in colonial times, were confined almost exclusively to the boys. Our schools and academies were generally for them; whilst the girls of those days—our great grandmothers—picked up such learning as they could at home. But such was not the case, or at least not long the case, with the good people of Burke. At a very early period they provided for the education of their daughters in the best schools to be found in this and the neighboring States. The school of the Moravians at Salem was an inestimable blessing to our people in this respect, and there is scarcely a prominent family in the State but owes to that people the polishing and adorning of some of its brightest womanly characters. The effect of this wise and liberal policy of the Catawba Valley people has been seen ever since. Burke county and its environs have produced four or five generations of the most refined, cultivated and elegant women, who ever graced and blessed our North Carolina homes. Nor have the rude shocks of war, with its attendant desolation and shattering of private fortunes, been able to take from them any of their hereditary charms and graces, as any inquiring bachelor may see for himself who

will visit that beautiful valley. There is not a community in the State where the distaff side of the house has attained greater eminence and more enduring honors.

I have spoken of the rich bottom lands, of the golden hills, of the streams and other mountain scenery which fill the landscape to the north and west from Morganton. South of it lie the South Mountains, wherein rises the South Fork, or largest tributary of the Catawba. The slopes of this range constitute the finest fruit fields perhaps in the Atlantic States. There is almost an entire exemption from frost, and the peach crop is unfailing, as, indeed, are all kinds of fruit. Mineral springs of sulphur, alum and chalybeate are found near the base of these hills which promise in time to become famous. Their virtues once recognized, cannot fail to aid the genial climate and charming situation in attracting a large summer visitation. The valley of Morganton is some twelve hundred feet above sea level, and is entirely exempt from chills and fever and other malarious diseases. The gold mines are of very considerable extent and value—chiefly surface—and reach quite through the counties of Burke, McDowell and Rutherford, in the base hills of the South range. They have been worked for near three-quarters of a century, and for many years bullion-coin, stamped with the maker's name, was passed as readily as a most acceptable part of the currency. Occasionally a diamond of considerable purity is found in this region also, and a mountain of flexible sandstone is an interesting feature.

A learned geologist not long since said to me that he had become so accustomed to looking at a river as a part of the drainage of a given section of country, that the poetry and beneficent usefulness of a stream of living water never entered his mind. Such is not the general thought, however, and yet I fancy there are but few who fully appreciate the grandeur and the glory of our great rivers. People are attracted to

their banks by other considerations than fertile lands, and they are ever gazed upon with unceasing delight. They are fresh, joyous, life-giving and everlasting. The ripple of their waves and the roar of their floods against their rocky barriers strike the notes of eternity. Animate and inanimate nature is refreshed by their presence, and riches, intelligence, civilization, beauty and wit, throng their banks as devotees crowd the courts of a temple. The Paradise of God—the first home of man—was encompassed by four rivers, and the whole poetry of the East finds no richer imagery than its glowing pictures of streams of living water. It *lives* indeed, and gives life. The scope of country watered and fertilized by these two great mountain rivers of North Carolina is vast indeed, and yet they are but half way to the sea when they leave our borders and enter the territory of our southern sister. The Yadkin, rising in the Blue Ridge, in the county of Caldwell, flows through its entire length; through Wilkes, Surry, Yadkin, Stokes, Davidson, Davie, Rowan, Stanly, Montgomery, Richmond and Anson, not to mention those drained by its tributaries. More fine lands are found on its borders than upon either of the others. The Catawba, rising close under the shadows of Mount Mitchell, flows through the counties of McDowell, Burke, Caldwell, Alexander, Catawba, Iredell, Lincoln, Gaston and Mecklenburg, not to mention those drained by *its* tributaries. The whole embraces a region of perhaps two-fifths of the State, or twenty thousand square miles, including Broad river, which drains but two counties. Their history, and the history of those dwelling on their banks, would embrace the chief annals of the State. But the story of noble lives, of desperate deeds, of romantic love, of patient or impatient suffering, of triumph, defeat and death, which one hundred and fifty years of life upon their banks have witnessed—unchronicled stories of the people with which history meddles not—who shall gather them up? Already they lin-

ger as dim traditions upon the garrulous tongues of the tottering old man, like gleams of the setting sunshine. Soon they will be altogether mingled with the infinite darkness of the forgotten past.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

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The scenery of the North Carolina Appalachians is of a character peculiarly their own. It is infinitely varied, but its general aspects are those of soft loveliness, and the pleasing picturesque. This is due not only to the fertility of the soils and the dense tropical luxuriance of their forests and minor vegetation already alluded to, but also to the shape and outlines of their ridges and leading ranges. There are spots, it is true, where the sublime and the terrible prevail, which fill the soul with awe and absolute fear to gaze upon; spots where, as the geologists tell us, in the void of shapeless dawning of Creation, when the huge ribs of the hard, desolate earth were upheaved above the universal waters, that the dry land should appear, the imprisoned floods burst through their enclosing walls and swept away toward the primeval seas, tearing out in their fury the deep gorges with their sheer walls of granite, crowned with wild, rugged crags peering far into the blue Heavens. But the general aspect of the country is soft and pleasing. For the most part the mountains rise from the valleys with regular and measured swell, succeeding each other top over top, and peak after peak, like the less and the greater waves of the sea, whilst the valleys nestle between them with straight and even sweeps, or vary with graceful and witching curves which form the most delightful and picturesque outlines ever beheld. There is no sterility, there is little or no nakedness. The whole surface of the land, peak, glen, swelling ridge and mountain side, is clothed with an immortality of verdure which hides the ugliness of any scars in Nature's face.

I have never seen the great mountains of the world, and can only compare our highlands with them from imperfect book knowledge. It may even seem presumptuous to attempt to contrast them at all; but I well know that whilst there is a glory of the sun—which is perhaps the chief—there is also a glory of the moon and a glory of the stars, and that one star differeth from another star in glory. I can conceive the glory of the Alps and the Andes, their vast, inaccessible heights, cliff rising upon cliff, crag upon crag, reaching high into heaven like the stairways of the Almighty, until passing the limits of all life, everlasting snows crown their glowing summits, and present, when sparkling in the sun-beams under the deep sapphire vault which they seem almost to touch, a spectacle to fill the soul forever. I know, too, that this majestic exhibition must chill by its very grandeur and fill the spectator with suggestions of nakedness, sterility, desolation and death. But the glory of the Appalachians, if humbler, is yet to my mind more charming and dearer to the heart than that of their grander young sister. The prospect from one of their tallest summits not only fills us with its sublimity and its inconceivable beauty, but it satisfies our souls with that nameless sense of pleasure which we ever derive from a contemplation of the *goodness* as well as the *power* of God. There is no chill, no suggestion of desolation in the vast sweep of mountain heights clothed in the very richest forest glory, and the soft-lying valleys, through whose bosoms a thousand thousand rushing streamlets leap and plunge toward the sea.

At every season of the year there is a charm about these splendid woodlands. Sometimes in mid-winter, a cloud laden with the sharp, ice-cold moisture of a January storm, drags lazily against a sharp-pointed pinnacle where it hovers as a pall. It can scarcely be said to rain; its mosture seems gently to dissolve itself upon the earth and is immediately fixed by the cold. This gives rise to what is often termed

a frozen cloud. Every rock, tree, twig, and blade of grass upon that mountain top is instantly transformed into translucent silver. Now, if that mountain be due east of you, and if you will rise next morning in time to see the sun come forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, you will see a picture such as no man in this world has seen surpassed, and such as might have been in the mind of the vision-wrapped Apostle, when flitted before him the sublime semblace of the rainbow of emerald enclosing the throne of shining gold in the midst of the crystal sea! The storm has disappeared, the winds are mute, the heavens have assumed their deep, solemn azure. Sharp-pointed spears of golden fire come up from the east and dart among and through the translucent warp of that silver bridal veil which covers the moutain top with its ineffable glories. As the God of Day mounts higher and higher towards his throne, showers of shimmering radiance are scattered in whirling waves over the outstretched arms of the giant oaks and upon the emerald cones of the pines, leaping from branch to branch, until their rays meet and mingle in a crown of corruscating glory. And then in a maze of wonder and delight which is almost agony, you feel that you are gazing upon the Crystal Palace of God, whose splendors mortal man may be happy that he can see and live; and that ten thousand polished diamonds, the largest and the brightest that ever glittered in a monarch's diadem, would not compare with the glory which is made manifest in a single tree on that mountain top "wherewith it is clothed."

Let us look at another picture in this lovely land, of a softer and less dazzling beauty. A charming feature in these mountain ranges is the coves or glens scarped out of the sides of the ridges which enclose the valleys. Short, steep ribs rise from the brooks, and, running straight up, join the main ridge at right angles. Between these are the basin-shaped coves, down through the centers of which trickle branches of pure,

sweet water. The crests of these bisecting ridges and the main tops are usually covered with mountain pines, whilst the bosom of the cove, rich in the soils of disintegrating feldspar and hornblendeslates, is heavily laden with the noblest forest trees. Poplars, beeches, hickories, many kinds of the oak, chestnut, linn, buckeye, ash, maple, sour-wood, walnut, wild cherry, locust, wild cucumber, and many others, flourish and attain great size. Close along the border of the same stream, and tracing its meanders, runs a narrow ribbon of silver spruces, lifting their dark, rich, conical tops through the paler canopy of their deciduous neighbors like spearmen in battle array. Now, say we stand facing such a glen as this in the beautiful valley of the Swannanoa—as I have often done, and hope to do again—in the mellow mid-autumn season. A sharp, biting frost or so has already fallen, the decreasing days and the lengthening hours of the darkness have begun that mysterious chemical change in the vegetable world which we term decay, and which notifies the glory of the forest that it must die. But there is neither haste nor despair, nor any unseemliness in the dying of nature; and these children of the forest, as if in gratitude to their Creator for the magnificence which had been vouchsafed to them for a season, receive the summons gladly, and prepare to worship Him even in the splendor of their going out. Verily, it would seem as if they knew that *resurgam* was written on all things. Each puts on its funeral attire after his kind. The oaks and the beeches turn to a pale russet, the maples and sour-woods to a deep shining purple, the red oak to a pale yellow with iron-shot specks, the poplars, walnuts, ashes and locusts to the light gold of the hollyhock, and the wild cucumbers and the hickories put on the flaming gold of the sunflower. And so they "all do fade as a leaf," except the spruces and the mountain pines, which, like immortal spirits, die not. Oh, ye dwellers within cities and among the prosaic haunts of men, there is a scene which might

kindle your souls with a strange, inexplicable fire! Behold that wondrous sea of foliage spread over the landscape as a mantel; see that multitude of gorgeous colors, and consider the unspeakable splendors of their delicate intermingling, as they revel in the yellow beams of the setting sun, who smiles lovingly upon them and kisses his darlings good night! Verily, it would seem that such magnificence was the joint work of both the celestial and the terrestrial powers,

> "As when some great painter dips
> His brush in hues of earthquake and eclipse;"

and that some truant rainbow, based on either mountain, had bestridden the glen with its radiant arch, and whilst in the zenith of its glory had been smitten by a thunderbolt into small glowing dust, whose shining atoms had been scattered down upon the outstretched arms of the waiting forest! Nor are the great peaks, desolate crags and gaudy forests its chief attractions. Its minor vegetation is both rich and splendid, and flowers of every shape and hue and odor assist in the royal garnishment. I have seen a thousand acres of the diverse-colored azalia in one dense glowing parterre, whilst the air for miles of the journey was laden with the sweets of the calicanthus. But the most majestic of all our floral beauties is the purple rhododendron, which more nearly than any other in this clime, after the magnolia magniflora, approaches the gorgeousness of the tropics. Many of the sharp peaks of the Blue Ridge near Mount Mitchell are covered with them so densely as to give color to their entire summits. When the rhododrendons are in full bloom those peaks glow in the setting sun like pyramids of Tyrian purple relieved against the deep-enduring blue of Heaven.

The streams—of the great number of which mention has been made—are also objects of unceasing beauty and interest. Like all mountain streams they are limpid and impetuous, and, owing to the density of the forests, of regular and unfail-

ing flow. The best known and most famous of them is the French Broad, whose Indian name is Pselico. When all the territory beyond the Blue Ridge was claimed by France, the pioneers who first ventured into that mountainous frontier called the head streams of the Congaree on this side of the Ridge Broad river; but passing over to the west, they discovered another and a broader stream, which, being in French territory, they called *French Broad*. And truly it is a splendid stream—far wider, grander and more romantic in its surroundings than the Hudson. It is smaller than the latter, is not navigable, and has none of the bright towns and villages and country villas which adorn the banks of New York's most celebrated river. But it has a charm peculiarly its own, which the Hudson does not approach. Rising near the very summits of the Blue Ridge, in the county of Transylvania, it flows nearly due north, across the very broadest part of the Appalachian chain, a distance of about ninety miles, and for fifty miles of this cutting its deep, rugged channel through the loftiest ridges of the system. The gorges, which in millions of years its furious waves have hewn out of the granites and the slates, the naked walls from two thousand to four thousand feet high, which it has left standing as monuments to the might of its floods, present pictures of illimitable grandeur which no cis-Mississippi river can equal. Its course is a continual zig-zag, and the turnpike down which the traveler passes from Asheville to Tennessee hugs its bank for forty miles, and presents at every turn a new and ever-glorious prospect of which one never tires. The thunder of its ceaseless waves against its rocky barriers deafens the ears and adds to the sense of wonder. Dense thickets of laurel, ivy and hemlock pines, laden with a thousand vines and creepers, bright-hued parasites and convolvulaciæ, line the shore and the steep sides above you. The grandeur and beauty increase at every step until the great mountain barriers are past, and

the "racing river," as its Indian title signifies, rests in the plains of Tennessee, and pursues with more placid dignity its great journey of a thousand miles to the Father of Waters.

But I cannot linger on its wild glories, nor give a single line to its loveliest tributary—the silver Swannanoa—which gushes from out of the very bosom of the Appalachian monarch. My pen runs wild with a selfish love of the theme: for I am native there. The rush and the roar of those waters come to me not merely with the charm which they and their surroundings possess, but laden also with the sad but blessed associations which one of our own most gifted poets has so touchingly expressed:

"O! a wonderful stream is the river Time
As it runs through the realm of tears
With a faultless rythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime
As it blends with the Ocean of years.

"*There* are hands that are waived when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair"

ROANE MOUNTAIN.

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The Roane Mountain is beyond all doubt the most beautiful one in the Appalachian chain, perhaps in the cis-Mississippi United States. It is to this range what Mt. Blanc is to the Alps, its glory and its pride. As I proposed to give only two papers to the scenery of this region, I shall pass by the innumerable famous mountains which lift their grand heads throughout the landscape, and devote this number entirely to the Roane.

It is situated in the county of Mitchell, about four miles from Bakersville, and about thirty-six miles from Marion, the nearest point on the Western North Carolina railroad. It is a little north of the center of the range, and is in the very heart of the grandest peaks of the Appalachians. It is 6,318 feet high—near 400 feet lower than the highest summit of the Black. Yet the peculiarity of its situation, and the splendor of its surroundings, make it an object of far greater interest than its loftier neighbor. It is a spur of the great ridge which walls in the system on its western edge, thrown straight forward into the deep valley of the Tow, over which it towers abrupt and terrible, whilst the main dividing elevation diverges sharply to the northwest, enters the great Smoky Range and careers onward in the face of the setting sun. It has the seeming of a bold, storm-swept promontory, thrust far into the valley, surrounded on all sides save one by a sea of lesser elevations. Its base is laved on three sides by limpid roaring streams, which rise on either face of its sharp crest, stretching full nine miles in length, and sweep through the gorges into the Tow. It is a mass of granite and hornblend slate, and geologists say it is the one of the oldest mountains in the

world. Like all others in this chain, it is densely clothed with forest, except upon its eastern front, where there is a beautiful prairie of several hundred acres. Its southern face is covered with a splendid forest of balsamic firs at a certain elevation, below which the usual mountain trees prevail. In shape, it is a long, narrow ridge, almost straight, and on the east rises gradually and easily. On the west it is almost a sheer wall, plunging (nearly) perpendicularly down into a dark, cavernous gorge several thousand feet, into the valley of Rock Creek. This ridge terminates in what is called the Bluff, a narrow crest formed by the slates set upon edge, sharp and naked, with their inclination almost toward the zenith. The summit is about four miles distant from the bed of the Little Rock creek, and may be reached on horseback by three hours of steady climbing. When you attain to the top of the ridge which you have been ascending, you enter the edge of the prairie about one mile from the bluff, which looms before you in all its grandeur, magnified by its nakedness. Here is a well-worn passage of the winds, which seem to have been forced over this point by the shape of the heights around, as rapids in great rivers. Their violence and regular flow have actually swept the soil away, and the rocks are as naked within their range as in the channel of a rushing stream. But between this wind cataract and the Bluff, the open glade is covered with luxuriant grass, which is charmingly interspersed with clumps of alders, iron-woods, and now and then a full-orbed fir. Altogether it presents an elegant picture of a rich but ill-kept meadow, with shade or fruit trees dotting its surface, on some old homestead. The bright green of the grass is varied by an abundance of Blue Bells, Fox Glove and Golden Rod, in modest array, among which also springs the broad, beautiful leaves of the deadly Hellebore. Nearer still to the bleakest summits is found the genuine Scotch heather, or at least something almost identical with it, which, in the

exposed spots, excludes everything else in the shape of vegetation. Leaving your horses in a narrow notch at the base of the bluff, you clamber up the sharp crest by a slight and perilous path to the very highest pinnacle. The prospect that here meets the eye is undoubtedly the finest and most extensive in the entire range from Canada to Alabama. Every requisite of inland mountain scenery is before you! Every possible adjunct is present in the full power of its charms. The first thing that strikes you is the complete insight into the character of the system which it presents. You see at once that it is of the broad and many-folded type, like that of the Jura. The number of ridges, which look like independent chains, is at first quite confused, whilst the great peaks that loom up in every direction are innumerable. On *every* side they stand glorious and defiant. Eastward they stretch away to meet the sun in his coming, westward they spread their tall heads to revel in his sinking beams, whilst toward north and south "far as the breeze can bear," in the illimitable fields of vision, they rise like grim-visaged, full-armed giants, from the bosom of mother earth! A gentleman who with curious patience undertook to number them, counted to *a thousand* and then gave up in despair! The ridge of the Roane runs from the Bluff nearly due east for nine miles, and then stretches around to the south by a vast arc swollen by ten grand peaks almost as lofty as the Bluff itself, among which are the High Knob, Great Yellow, Avery's Yellow, the Hawk and the Spear Tops. Within this arc are the deep valleys of Cane creek, Little Rock, and numerous other tributaries of the Tow. This beautiful river heads just beyond this ledge behind the High Knob, and running at first due east, sweeps entirely around this circle—a distance of more than forty miles—to the south; and is seen as a ribbon of sunlighted silver approaching toward the place of its birth! Across this deep valley, and still further to the east, is seen the Blue Ridge with all

its peaks, and the hoary Grandfather—once thought to be the loftiest of all until science robbed him of his prominence—and yet beyond that the queer shapes of the Linville range, the chief features of which are the Table Rock, Hawk's Bill, and Shortoff. Looking north again the prospect is yet more extensive. The chain from which the Roane has issued runs nearly north from the High Knob, curving toward the west and throwing up a number of high peaks to join the Iron Mountain, a gigantic ledge which separates North Carolina from her great daughter Tennessee. Then succeeds, beyond the Iron, the Buffalo range in East Tennessee; then come the Clinch Mountains, and still beyond them, on the utmost verge of vision, the great Cumberland range where they sentinel the Blue Hills of Kentucky, distant one hundred miles as the crow flies. Almost within cannon shot, as it would seem, in this last direction (northeast) rise the waters of the Elk, Doe and Watauza rivers, which constitute the principal branch of the Holston. And from the eastern bosom of the Grandfather rises New river, the main stem of the Great Kanawha. On the west the ranges seen are the Unakee, which connects with the Iron by a transverse ridge, then the Great Smoky chain and its numerous systems, which exhausts the vision towards the setting sun. On the south the most prominent object is the Black Mountain, loftiest of all, with its great number of high peaks which fill all the horizon in that direction and overshadow the whole landscape. The cross chains from them and from the Blue Ridge beyond the valley of the French Broad, the great Balsam range, in Haywood county, close up the glorious vision between west and south. I will not attempt further to enumerate the prominent peaks which are in view, or the streams which flow between them. The only limit to the wondrous panorama is that which fixes the power of the human eye. This peak of the Roane is *the Eagle's perch* of Appalachians, from which even man's gaze can gather in of

grandeur, of beauty and of wondrous glory until his soul is drunken with ineffable delight.

I visited this mountain on a recent occasion and spent a night upon its summit. Wandering along its "ragged edges," and gazing untiringly upon its many splendid scenes and interminable vista, we waited for the going down of the sun. Perhaps there are no exhibitions of nature more impressive, more calculated to fill the reflecting and appreciative mind with a sense of the incomprehensible completeness and fullness of the universe, than the phenomena which attend the coming forth and the disappearing of the source of light. Wonderful at all times, it is peculiarly striking when witnessed from unusual situations, as from the tops of high mountains, or to a landman at sea. On this day the heavens were without a cloud, but the atmosphere was dimmed by a murky haze which settled upon the horizon in regularly stratified and ever deepening layers. Slowly the dazzling orb sank into the chambers of the west, and though it was early September, a chilling breeze crept forwarded as he receded, until we were compelled to light a fire of the abounding hether. After the sun had entered the haze he was shorn of his insupportable radiance, and we beheld him as a red, round globe of dull and paling fire. Then it seemed as if he sank with doubly increased velocity, and the expectant world, as if sated with his fiery glory, sprang upward to meet him. Now he is hovering over the distant peaks in the uttermost borders of the west, where their thick lying summits appear to melt together into one grand, blue, corrugated plateau, when suddenly a black speck appears upon the edge of his glowing disc. Soon this speck enlarges into a sharp, acute-angled wedge, and the heart of the great luminary seems riven in twain. It is a tall peak driven into the sun, made visible by his dying brilliance, and which gradually cleaves his red mass asunder. For a single moment this black wedge pierces through and through, semi-

crescents of fragmentary brightness twinkle on either side, and then with a suddenness that makes the pulse stand still, the everlasting fountain of light is eclipsed. Instantly all is changed—the cowardly darkness which had dogged his royal footsteps over earth's surface, through all the shining hours, now sprang forward into the valley and began to garrison the heights with its gloomy cohorts. The reassured winds took fresh courage, and began that monotonous symphony—half sigh, half roar—which they have sung to these first-born crags since the retreating of the primeval seas left them bare and solitary. Before we could run down through the prairie stretch to an ice-cold spring in the edge of the protecting forest, where a camp fire was brightly inviting us, night had already taken the world into her keeping. Around that fire, with abundance of good cheer, with song and story, we pass the hours; the trickling rill making music, the calm stars peering through the thick boughs, and the sweet fragrance of the over-hanging firs perfuming all our dreams.

Next day, what time the village cock hath made salutation to the morn, we were again out upon the naked heights to witness the resurrection of the light. What we there saw, the paling of the golden fires, the melting away of the constellations, and all the wondrous movements of the celestial hosts upon the plains of heaven, no man after Edward Everett, should undertake to describe. Seated once again upon the highest crag of the bluff we awaited the coming of the sun. A great, profound calm was upon all things. The thin, delicious air was redolent with the sweet distillations of the night, and the morning breeze came laden with fragrant balsamic perfume of the fir forests which clung to the mountain's side. It seemed as though the animate world knew not yet that the morn had come, though its holy joy filled all things. The streams were everywhere to be traced by the silver ribbons of fog which hovered above their channels, and the great valley

of the Tow was a vast sea stretching from shore to shore of the enclosing mountains. Sharp peaks here and there pierced up through the false waves like coral islands crowned with emerald. Ere long a spark of golden fire begins to burn behind the left shoulder of the Grandfather, and a soft ray comes peering over the deep blue crest and plays upon our faces. Then comes a crescent of flame which soon grows into a full rounded orb. The chariot of Apollo is once more rolling over the pavements of the east, and not even the swine herds of Admetus can fail to see that it is the Sun-God.

> "And startled seas and mountains cold
> Shone forth all bright in blue and gold
> And cried, 'Tis day, 'tis day!"

The departure from such a summit and such a prospect is not unattended with sadness. It is like the leave-taking of dear friends, and the pleasing regret with which one turns again and again for a last look, and the anxious endeavor to fix its wondrous features on the memory as a consolation to abide forever, much resembles the waking effort to follow after some glorious vision which blest our souls in slumber, and which the cold, real world will not permit us to retain. With it all there is a sublimation of the spirits, a happy glow, a kindly culturing of the better feelings derived from this brief communing with Nature, which is the most remarkable. Truly has the great German poet said, "On every height there lies repose." Soon after returning to the world below I shook hands cordially with a Radical, bowed to a revenue officer, and for full two hours was prepared to admit that some good might by hydraulic power be squeezed out of the Republican Nazareth! Nay, I might even have been brought to confess that the best way to return to the hard-money system was to issue still more paper! But, thank Heaven, the generous mountaineers did not take advantage of this insane

charity, but fed me and sent me on my way in peace. I am now lucid.

Before closing this paper, I would remark upon a matter of considerable antiquarian interest. Immense beds of the finest mica in the world have been opened in this and neighboring counties, and the diggers, in most of their explorations, have been guided by the indications of a by-gone people. Old diggings, excavations and narrow shafts sunk into the earth are numerous. The tunnels are generally not wider than three feet and a half wide, and about the same in height, and marks of a pick are distinctly visible in them. The best mica is invariably found in or near them, and the blocks found dedetached and apparently rejected always prove to be discolored and impure; showing that these ancient people not only mined for the mica alone, but were quite skilful in the business. As no knowledge whatever of these diggings could be traced among our native Indians, and the indications evidently antedated their existence in this region, conjecture was at fault to determine who wrought in these mines and when. Professor Kerr tells me that the problem has been recently solved, and that it is now believed these mines were worked by the Toltecs or Mound Builders, who inhabited the region north of the Ohio, perhaps 3,000 years ago. These mounds, when opened, contain large quantities of mica, disposed in such manner as to show that it was extensively used by them for religious or social purposes. When it is remembered that these mountains furnish the nearest mica beds to these mounds, this theory appears not only reasonable but highly probable. What stories are hidden in the buried past!

CAUSES OF THE SLOW GROWTH OF THE STATE.

——:o:——

Among the curious questions concerning human life and social economy is one which relates to the influence of soil, climate and locality on national character. Undoubtedly their influence is positive and considerable, though exactly how it is effected, is not so easily explained. It is one of those mysterious relations existing between mind and matter which to some extent we can recognize by observing the sequence of cause and effect, but which does not admit of reasonable demonstration. Every community is the predestined victim of climate and local surroundings, and which it can no more avert than inevitable doom. A nation or tribe living in a cold, inhospitable region bordering upon a warmer and fertile country, insensibly and irresistably developes into warriors and marauders, of coarse physical mould and robust practical intellect. Those dwelling in soft, indolent climes, show less of mental or bodily strength, but develope much of acuteness and subtlety with æsthetic excellence. Those, again, who, either by reason of their contiguity to good sea-havens or great navigable rivers, are favorably situated for commerce invariably become merchants. Keeping these things in mind, we may get an insight into the quiet, steady-going, and comparatively unenterprising characteristics of the people of North Carolina. The physical features of the State have already been described. From the tops of the great mountains of the West, her territory—in extent precisely equal to England—stretches eastward across the swelling hills of the center and the rich forest-clad lowlands to the shores of the sea, pre-

senting in from four to six hundred miles of a straight line every desirable attribute of soil and climate. There is but one thing wanting, and, not adverting to that, superficial observers sometimes attribute to the native inertness of our people what is in fact chargeable to geography. We are not happily located for commerce. As before noticed, our great navigable rivers speedily run *out* of the State, our sea coast is cut up into shallow sounds and defiant sand-banks, and our harbors are few and not first-rate. Therefore it is that we have little commerce; and having but little commerce we have no great accumulations of capital; having little accumulations of capital, we have no great cities, and having no great cities we have no great home markets, and having no great home markets we have no highly stimulated and productive agriculture. Wanting all these things, we lack the all-pervading stimulant to physical progress which animate those differently situated. As trade and money-getting are the chief motive powers of this generation, it necessarily follows that we are somewhat behind in that kind of activity—all because of those sand-banks and the course of our rivers.

The consequence and political might of North Carolina was much greater comparatively, up to the year 1800, than it has ever since been in the American Union. Commerce was not then the arbiter of national destiny that it is now. She began to be outstripped as soon as peace and settled governments allowed the development of those communities on the banks of great rivers and beside good harbors. That this was not owing to any sluggish inertness of her native population, may be easily shown by pointing to the thousands who under more favorable circumstances have attained the very highest honors in every department of life. North Carolina became, in fact, like Virginia, a parent hive from which poured forth annual swarms of honestly-reared, well-taught young men, who found vent for their native energy in distant and happier

fields. Three Presidents have been given to the Union by North Carolina, by way of Tennessee—viz., Jackson, Polk and Johnson. Of these, only Polk was an educated man; and perhaps neither of them would have attained to that high position had they remained at home and partaken of our old fashion quiet. The stirring excitements and fierce rivalries of a new land, swept by great rivers and alive with commercial activity called forth their great qualities. The non-commercial features of our State operated on the genius of the people in a less degree, but very like the English rule upon the Irish, filling Europe with great men who had no field for their energies in the land of their birth. Two other very celebrated characters, who well illustrated an almost exclusive type of New World manhood, Davy Crocket and Daniel Boone, belong to our history, though neither were natives of the State according to its present boundaries. Boone was born in Bucks county, Pa., but came to North Carolina with his father, when quite a boy, and located on the waters of the Yadkin. Crocket was born on the Nolachucky, in Washington county, Tennessee, then North Carolina, 1787. Two more famous characters and characteristic specimens of American frontier civilization cannot be found in our annals. They are splendid samples of what nature can do, unaided by art, in the manufacture of manhood. They ware graduates of the school of the forest, the mountain and the river; their diplomas are written in the towns, cities and smiling homesteads which grew up in the paths of their wilderness pioneering. Speaking of the early life and education of *Olaf* the *Thick Set*, one of the early hero-kings of Norway, Carlyle says: "He cruised and fought in this capacity (ward of Old Rane the Far-travelled) on many seas and shores; passed several years, perhaps till the age of nineteen or twenty, in this wild element and way of life; fighting always in a glorious and distinguished manner. In the hour of battle diligent

enough to 'amass property,' as the vikings termed it; and in the long days and nights of sailing, given over, it is likely, to his own thoughts and the unfathomable dialogue with the ever-moaning brine; not the worst high school a man could have, and indeed infinitely preferable to the most that are going even now for a high and deep young soul." Such was the high school in which Boone and Crocket were educated, as were, in fact, nearly all of the early fathers who cut down the first forests in our State. It developed a character, now almost lost among us, the like of which we shall never see again. Such a life is necessarily one where the individual thinks much and talks but little. He commences with himself and teaches himself. He learns to be contemplative and observant, and depend alone upon himself and his Creator. The divinely implanted instincts of the animals who share with him the wilderness teach him wisdom; the autumn decay tells him of death; the springing vegetation reminds him of the resurrection; the even-flowing streams exemplify purity and eternity. Even the silence of the vast solitude through which he wanders is eloquent with the thousand mysterious, unspoken voices which are heard by the soul only in such situations. Nature unpruned by civilization is always grand, beautiful and majestic; and it is impossible that those who are educated in such a presence should not have their souls filled with such impressions, and their characters are to a great extent moulded thereupon. While, therefore, there is wanting that great range of knowledge, that sharpness in traffic, which distinguish the dwellers in cities and open communities, there is yet a grand simplicity, a frank manhood, self-dependence and straightforward integrity about the son of the wilderness, which to me shines something near to the glory of unfallen Adam. The absence of modern education is compensated by the absence of modern wickedness and polished iniquity, as well as by the presence of a far nobler physical education,

which the present American, male or female cannot possibly equal. The men who laid the foundation of our institutions were, in plain, practical wisdom and self-sustaining manhood, the superiors of their descendants of to-day, notwithstanding our far better educational advantages and the general advance of civilization. In fact, since 1775, the world has made no advance in regard to the great doctrines of civil liberty. Our North Carolina ancestors of that day understood those essential and fundamental principles quite as well as we do to-day, and were possibly more jealous of any encroachments thereupon. A knowledge of these things has not kept apace in America with the developments of science. We have been more anxious to teach our young souls the constitution of the solar spectrum than the constitution of their government; more desirous to show them the volcanoes in the moon than the value of the blood-bought rights of Habeas Corpus, and the subordination of military power. In such things, indeed we have not degenerated or fallen behind our neighbors; for they do not depend upon geographical situation or the stimulants of commerce. On the contrary, I believe it may be safely affirmed that a jealous love of old-fashioned constitutional principles exists in these United States now in the inverse ratio to commercial activity. Naturally, those communities most given over to trade and the accumulation of wealth study political principles least, and make least clamor at dangerous invasions. So they are protected in their gains they are satisfied. It is the nature of capital to cower under the wing of power—arbitrary or constitutional, it matters not.

There is compensation in this world. It may be that our commercial inactivity will prove no disadvantage in the long run, and that in less than five hundred years from this it may appear plain to our children that these forward rivers and forbidding sand-banks have been our greatest blessings. To all communities which grow rapidly in wealth and power—

too rapidly to harden into permanence and stability—there comes a day when that wealth and power gathers itself in a few hands, leaving a vast mass of homeless and empty people. Suffering and the unscrupulous politicians will soon work out the inevitable problem, and the product will be what it has ever been, and ever will be—anarchy a little while, despotism for ages. This day will long be deferred in North Carolina. Our wealth increases slowly; three-fifths at least of our forest is still standing; the growth of our population is steady and natural, and ten times the number to the square mile would not crowd any for homes. In proportion to numbers, she now has more freeholders than any of the Atlantic States, and the distribution of the land is increasing instead of diminishing. Political power is therefore still with the many, and as the many are comfortable, and will continue so whilst they have homes, the reign of the mob is far distant indeed in North Carolina. Where growth is so gradual, compacting is necessarily genuine and sincere, and all institutions stable. The boy now living, and who may read this, it is likely will be spared to see the day when it shall be acknowledged that mere physical development of a land, however wonderful, may be purchased too dearly at the cost of free institutions, domestic tranquility and national conservatism. In full faith in these things, we patiently bear the jeering of our more active neighbors, and justify our sand-banks, crooked rivers, and all!

AN ELEGIAC ODE

RECITED BY

JAMES BARRON HOPE,

ON THE OCCASION OF

Completing the Monument

ERECTED BY THE

LADIES OF WARREN COUNTY, N. C.,

OVER THE REMAINS OF

ANNIE CARTER LEE.

ORIGINALLY PRINTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HOLLYWOOD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

INSCRIBED

TO THE

LADIES OF WARREN COUNTY, N. C.,

AND

THROUGH THEM

TO

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH,

AS A

SLIGHT EVIDENCE

OF THE

RESPECT AND ADMIRATION

OF

THE AUTHOR

PREFATORY LETTER TO THE HOLLYWOOD EDITION.

NORFOLK, VA., October 10, 1866.

My Dear Madam:

As a slight evidence of my cordial sympathy with the pious task you and your associates have assumed, and my lively recollection of your great personal kindness to me when an inmate of the Hospital which you cheered by your presence, I beg leave to place at your disposal the accompanying MS.

In doing this I trust you will not hold me guilty of egotism if I remark to you, and through you to my readers, that this Poem was written in the midst of engrossing labors; and upon a notice so short (from the 26th of July to the 8th of August) as to render it less worthy the occasion than it might have been had I possessed more ample leisure for its composition.

I now transmit it to you in the form in which it was recited, and beg you when you mark its defects, to bear in mind that my position was one of peculiar delicacy; the time allowed me short; and the Ode itself composed to be spoken: but this I may say, that if my performance could have given expression to my feelings, it would not have required so elaborate an apology for its imperfections, as that with which it is now set to you, by

Your friend and obedient servant,

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

To Mrs. LEWIS N. WEBB, President Hollywood Memorial Association, Richmond.

THE WARREN COUNTY LEE MEMORIAL.

MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF ANNIE CARTER LEE.

[From an account written at the time referred to—August, 1866.]

THE MEMORIAL CEREMONIES.

The 8th of August was the day named by the committee of arrangements for the completion of the monument which now lifts itself above the remains of ANNIE CARTER LEE.

Before the ceremonies of the day began, I cantered over to view the spot, held in such tender reverence by us all. My way lay through a pine forest, whose growth gradually gave place to a breadth of lordly oaks. Here and there several brooks, like silver threads, crossed the road, which, gently undulating, at last opens upon the crest of a bold ridge. On emerging from the woods, I confess that I was surprised at the sight I beheld. In the center of this broad plateau, which has been cleared for the space of several acres and carefully rolled until its grassy slopes are almost lawn-like, a clump of stately trees rises, spreading their arms like priests in benediction over the quiet burial ground, which was yesterday consecrated by blessings from a multitude of reverential hearts.

The grave yard is a parallelogram seventy-one by fifty feet in extent, and is enclosed by an iron railing, firmly set in granite sills, supported by granite columns, at once strong, tasteful and simple. Here I found a group of country gentlemen, masons and field hands, engaged in the final preparations. Various teams were busy dragging great branches of pines over the road and sward; and I was particularly struck by the profound silence which reigned over the scene. Even the faces of the negroes wore an expression of gravity and decorum. Here I dismounted, and was received by JOSEPH S. JONES, Esq., who must pardon me if I venture to give him a prominence which may pain his modesty. My apology for this, as indeed, for my general treatment of the subject, is found in the fact that the ceremonials of yesterday have become a part of our domestic history; and hence I feel authorized to speak of private individuals with a freedom which, under other circumstances would not be justified. Two years ago Mr.

JONES, in whose ancestral grave yard the monument now rises, conceived the idea of its erection. The first step was to obtain a competent mason to do the work, and at that date, in the very agony of the Confederacy's struggle, this was no easy task. There was one man whom he might obtain, and he determined to make the effort. The stone mason whose services he desired to secure was an invalid soldier of the Forty-sixth North Carolina Infantry, and there is a story which he tells himself with touching simplicity that illustrates one of General LEE's noble traits of character, and it may, therefore, fairly claim a place here. It has its historic worth, as will be seen.

ZERRAL CROWDER was a broken-down soldier. Unfit for active service, he was detailed as a "light duty" man, and failing daily in health he wrote to General LEE himself, asking instructions as to the proper mode to pursue in order to have his application for a discharge acted on by the War Department. In reply he received a letter of minute instructions, with a line or two of kind and cheering words at the bottom of the page in the General's own handwriting. This paper he preserves with pious care, and he cherishes it as a precious evidence of the tender sympathy which our great Captain felt for the humblest of his followers.

In the meantime, however, Mr. JONES applied to General BRAGG for the detail of the sick soldier, which was at once granted by that officer, in consideration of the reason assigned in the application of Mr. JONES. Discharged from the army, and with health partly re-established, the grateful mason began his labors, the results of which are before me.

By the time the monument was completed, the fame of the enterprise had gone abroad, and the limits originally set by the managers to the consecration ceremonies, expanded day by day, in obedience to the wishes of the sympathetic public.

The narrow circle of those originally invited was gradually enlarged, and I have before me a mass of letters which would be of priceless value to an autograph hunter.

Among these I have the invitation from the ladies to General LEE, from which I venture to extract a beautiful passage congratulating him on the escape of his sons and himself from the perils of battle and disease. It runs as follows:

"Through the kindness and mercy of our Heavenly Father, your gallant sons fought the good fight even to the end, and you were spared amid the shock of battle and its horrid carnage for four long years. Spared to us, a grateful people, who feel linked to you in the closest ties of friendship and the closest bonds of sympathy.

"We cannot honor you with too deep a reverence, nor love you with an affection too pure and fervent. You have a home in every heart, a welcome

in every household, and the whisper of your name echoes a thousand blessings upon you and yours."

In this the sweet and noble-hearted women of Warren county have justly set forth the sentiments of our entire people; and even as their eloquent words have given utterance to the feelings of the eleven Boadiceas of the South, so did their act of tender homage to the dead confirm their warm and affectionate sympathy expressed for the living.

I fold up General LEE's letter, noble in manly simplicity and Christian truth, with a reverence which all will understand, and so pass on.

The monument is Greco-Egyptian in style; a Doric base surmounted by an obelisk. It is, to quote from the letter of the ladies to General LEE, "A plain and simple shaft, sculptured from (their) native granite by an invalid Confederate soldier, whom General BRAGG in his kindness detailed for this purpose." The whole structure rises to the height of about sixteen feet, and in its severe simplicity harmonizes well with the adverse destiny of those by whose affection it has been erected. It bears the following inscriptions:

"ANNIE C. LEE, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL R. E. LEE AND
MARY CARTER LEE."

"BORN AT ARLINGTON, JUNE 18, 1839, AND DIED AT THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WARREN COUNTY, N. C., OCTOBER 20, 1862."

"PERFECT AND TRUE ARE ALL HIS WAYS,
WHOM HEAVEN ADORES AND EARTH OBEYS."

These lines, breathing the humble trust in which she died, are taken from the hymn which she requested those about her to sing as she entered into the Valley of the Shadow. The blessed peace and calm, the trusting hope and earnest faith which they speak, must carry unspeakable comfort to the hearts of those whom she has left for a brief season.

The intention originally was to erect the monument noiselessly; but the people of Warren, anxious to manifest their love and reverence for the great and good man first in their hearts, gradually came forward to claim the right of paticipating in the pious work, until it became necessary to appoint an executive committee to conduct it. Thus through the spontaneous affection of the people was the management of the task taken from individual hands, soon to be carried even beyond the bounds contemplated by the committees themselves.

The movement thus inaugurated was controlled, or rather the public impulse was obeyed by the following committees:

On the part of the ladies, by Mrs. Joseph E. Jones, Mrs. Thomas Carroll,

Mrs. Brownlow, Miss M. Alston, Miss M. Sommerville, Mrs. S. M. Heck and Mrs. Lucinda Jones.

The gentlemen of Warren were represented by Colonel W. J. Green, Dr. George Field, John Watson, Dr. S. G. Ward, Colonel J. M. Heck, J. S. Jones, Colonel Wm. Cheek, D. W. J. Hawkins, Hon. W. N. Edwards, Wm. Eaton, Jr., Wm. T. Alston, Turner Battle, T. A. Thornton, Peter R. Davis, Henry B. Hunter, Richard Arrington, J. Buxton Williams, Dr. Thos. J. Pitchford, James J. Turtty and N. Malone.

The Committee were undoubtedly as much surprised as the present writer at the throng which began to assemble at an early hour. Virginia and North Carolina were well represented, and all classes assembled, according to the published order of the Committee, at JONES'S Springs. The roadway was blocked for hundreds of yards with vehicles, and the beautiful lawn was densely crowded by a great concourse of people, who moved about, or sat under the trees in a silence as unusual as it was painful in so dense a throng.

In the drawing-room of the hotel, Generals WILLIAM H. F. and CUSTIS LEE, together with General COX, and other distinguished visitors, awaited the organization of the procession.

At the appointed hour Colonel GREEN gave the order to form, and the great body of people began noiselessly to arrange themselves in order. The representatives of the family, the clergy and invited guests, took their seats in carriages at the head of the column, and the line of carriages moved off, followed by citizens on foot. I was of the first to arrive at the spot, and here were great numbers from all the adjoining country, already assembled. Some idea of the length of the procession may be formed from the fact that from the time the head of the column arrived upon the ground, till the last carriage drove up, occupied forty minutes. The assembly was estimated at between twelve and sixteen hundred, and the density of the crowd may be imagined when I state, that on the breezy hill three ladies fainted during the ceremonies, overpowered by the heat and excitement.

A flight of steps rested against the monument, and a low platform was erected at its base. The Rev. Dr. HODGES, Rector of the Parish; Rev. Dr. PRITCHARD, and the Rev. Mr. SOLOMON, were present; and the first-named gentleman celebrated the service. It was brief and impressive. The mason whose chisel had cut the stone, assisted by his son, at a signal from Dr. HODGES, placed the funeral urn upon the summit of the shaft; descended; removed their ladder; fell back with soldierly precision into the throng; and then the good Pastor read from the Book of Common Prayer some appropriate selections full of wholesome truth and sublime consolation.

At the end of his consecration of the spot, Captain HOPE, in accordance with the wish of the ladies of Warren, recited an Elegiac Ode. At the con-

clusion of the recitation, the Rev. Mr. SOLOMON dismissed the assembly in a few simple words, and the great throng melted away from the crest of the hill, bound to the four points of the compass.

> "Low on the sand and loud on the stone
> The last wheel (echoed) away."

I was among the last to leave the spot. As I stood there, I thought, with melancholy pleasure, that I had that day seen another bond of affection woven between the two noble States, which, in war and peace, have fronted the same dangers, and now share the same destiny with a fortitude which will be the admiration of succeeding generations. When I turned away from the monument, which expresses not only love for the dead, but reverence of the living, I took a last look at the beautiful landscape, with its dark forests and undulating hills, full of tranquil beauty; and I thought, as I rode back to my quarters, that the austerity of the grave is rarely softened by a more benignant aspect on the face of nature than that which smiles around the resting place of ANNIE CARTER LEE.

ELEGIAC ODE.

I.

Upon my journey hitherward I crossed
A shining stream, born of the silver rills
Which, in the distant purple Ridge, are lost
Amid Virginia's hills.

Onward it flows, nor once it force abates,
That gleaming river, kissing cliff and lea,
A bond, dear friends, between our Mother States,
It sweeps on to the sea.

Enriching all your spreading lowland fields,
Enriched, in turn, by bearing on its breast,
The bounties which your agriculture yields
From glebes with wealth oppressed.

And on that tide which from Virginia starts—
Born where the mountain streamlets fret and foam,
This wealth, in part, sweeps on to Norfolk's marts,
The city of my home.

But there are other bonds, far stronger ties
Than mutual traffic ever can create;
Here sculptured proof rises before our eyes
Of love from State to State.

Here Carolina comes, her brave cheeks warm
And wet with tears, to take in charge this dust,
And brings her daughters to receive in form
Virginia's sacred trust.

Poor in all else, but rich in graves, my State
Folds Carolina's children in her breast,
And fronting with a royal brow her fate
She watches where they rest.

Her daughters to those hushed encampments go,
Where soldiers sleep, but where no banner waves—
Both States like sisters pierced by common woe
Now guard each other's graves.

II.

And in this graveyard we have food for thought,
Here, too, are problems which must give us pause—
Problems which God's wise Providence has wrought
Through his benignant laws.

We stand here in this Summer silence deep
  Like swimmers halting on the sudden brink
Of some dark river, whose mysterious sweep,
  Though voiceless, bids us think!

We think on life's harsh facts and broken dreams,
  Its lights and shadows made of hopes and fears,
And feel that Death is kinder than he seems,
  And not the King of Tears.

Gazing around upon this tranquil scene,
  Where shady wood-lands stretch in vernal pride,
Where wave the fields in tender hues of green,
  With life on every side,

We read a lesson in God's open Book;
  All the fair page with one great text is rife,
And though we run we yet read in one look
  That death but leads to life.

The trees which lift their crests against the sky,
  The harvests rippling in the heated breath
Of every breeze which Morn or Noon sweeps by,
  Themselves were born of death.

The acorn held yon oak—the cone yon pine—
The flinty corn contained its tassel's mane,
These in the earth through God's all-wise design
Have for a season lain.

In the cold earth these seeds went to decay;
Then, lo! there came a God-directed change—
A change which, carried on by night and day,
In workings hid and strange—

Brought forth great glory to the face of earth,
In pomp of trees, and blooms, and waving corn,
Which in decay will find a second birth
Of dissolution born.

III.

And as we view each green, pathetic sod
Mounded in order like successive waves,
Crested with marble; or, with grass from God
To beautify the graves:

Some here whose hearts have been of tears the wells,
Whose dreams have changed from rose to sober brown,
Might envy those who foundered 'neath these swells
Which show where they went down;

And, hence I said, thinking of youth's wild dreams,
Its lights and shadows made of hopes and fears,
That, Death, oh, friends! is kinder than he seems
And not the King of Tears.

IV.

Think not I take a false view of this life;
I trust I read it as is meet and fit:
I try to understand the pain and strife
Wherewith 'tis all o'erwrit.

And through our journey each must bear his load
From the flushed Morn 'till Even's sober hours,
And thorns will pierce us all along the road
Where we had looked for flowers.

But He who these sharp lessons rightly heeds
Accepts the thorns in place of painted bloom,
And learns through all the anguish, as he bleeds,
To hold the silent tomb

But as the bed, where, chastened in our pride,
Made pure by sorrow and affliction's rod,
Our frames, like seeds, shall lay their husks aside,
That they may grow t'ward God.

He chastens us as nations and as men,
  He smites us sore until our pride doth yield,
And hence our heroes, each with hearts for ten,
  Were vanquished in the field;

And stand to-day beneath our Southern sun
  O'erthrown in battle and despoiled of hope,
Their drums all silent and their cause undone,
  And they all left to grope

In darkness till God's own appointed time
  In His own manner passeth fully by.*
Our Penance this. His Parable sublime
  Means we must learn to die.

Not as our soldiers died beneath their flags,
  Not as in tumult and blood they fell,
When from their columns, clad in homely rags,
  Rose the Confederate yell.

Not as they died, though never mortal men
  Since Tubal Cain first forged his cruel blade
Fought as they fought, nor ever shall agen
  Such leader be obeyed!

*A friend, himself a poet of no mean order, has pointed out to me the fact that these lines might be distorted to bear a political meaning, against which use of them I protest, and refer to the stanzas which follow to vindicate the text from such a perversion.

No, not as died our knightly, soldier dead,
Though they, I trust, have found above surcease
For all life's troubles, but on Christian bed
Should we depart in peace,

Falling asleep like those whose gentle deeds
Are governed through time's passions and its strife,
So justly that we might erect new creeds
From each well ordered life,

Whose saintly lessons are so framed that we
May learn that pain is but a text sublime,
Teaching us how to learn at Sorrow's knee
To value things of time.

Thus thinking o'er life's promise-breaking dreams,
Its lights and shadows made of hopes and fears,
I say that Death is kinder than he seems,
And not the King of Tears.

V.

Mark you each separate spear of tufted grass!
Behold each flower which opens astral eyes!
See how they point us like the Host at mass
Toward the quiet skies!

Why shrink, then, from the tender grave aghast?
Why shed hot tears above its friendly sod?
For, is it not, in sooth, oh friends! the last
Great Charity from God?

Let perfect faith bind up each bleeding heart,
Smile through your tears upon its grassy slope,
Since Christ hath slumbered may we not depart
Sustained by Christian hope?

VI.

The realms of Nature and of Art are rich
In images of blessed peace and calm
In which this yard may well be figured—which
May sooth us like a Psalm,

Chanted at evening by the silver notes
Of singing children, watched by mother's eyes,
When some confession of the Hebrew floats
Toward the tranquil skies.

'Tis like an Abbey with the monks in cells,
The nuns invisible, all pale and fair,
Where no Laudamus on the silence swells—
All still as if at prayer.

And as the Abbey in the days of old
Offered repose to men when sore oppressed,
So doth the charitable grave unfold
For us a bed of rest.

Thus musing o'er life's problem's in my dreams,
This radiant hope dispels my timid fears,
And whispers death is kinder than he seems,
And not the King of Tears.

There is no death: surcease we have from strife.
There is no death: absence there is I know.
There is no death, but everlasting life.
Banish that word of woe,

In speaking of the pure in life, for He
Whose Son for us was nailed upon the cross
Hath told us surely: "For the good set free
This life were but a loss."

Such language comes within the Evangel's scope,
Which tells us of our tender Master's care
Who died to give us an undying hope,
And stimulate to prayer.

VII.

Four summers now have waked the songs of birds,
Made violets blow and stained the roses red,
Since first we heard the unenlightened words
That Annie Lee was dead.

Heed not the words which those pain-stricken said,
The lips of those who spoke them were enticed
In grief's first passion to declare her dead
Who was the "Bride of Christ."

Ye who then whispered of it in your halls,
Might envy her of whom ye heard the tale,
That she within this monastery's walls
That day put on her veil.

Yes, you, my friends, who stand with me to pay
Your homage to the dust beneath this sod,
Might envy her who journeyed on that day
To meet a smiling God.

With all her wealth of womanhood—her truth—
Her innocence and purity of life—
In the full promise of her golden youth,
With all perfection rife.

She left the sorrows of this troubled sphere,
  Escaped the tumults which distract the land:
A radiant Angel whispered in her ear,
  And God stretched forth His hand.

Her gentle spirit now is throned above,
  And hence, I say, you need not tell in tears
Beads counted on the Rosarie of Love
  For her beyond the spheres.

Against such candid spirits, whose worst ends
  Had Virtue's sanction, death cannot prevail,
And so I said to you but now, oh friends!
  That here she took the veil.

VIII.

Here, in this Cloister, hushed by a great spell
  The monks and nuns all find surcease from care
And rest themselves, each in a narrow cell,
  All still as if at prayer!

And though the Abbey in the days of old
  Was a retreat to soothe the troubled breast,
Still it had days of purple and of gold
  To break its tranquil rest.

On some high festival the Minster's stalls
Were broken in their customary calms,
And long processions from its sacred walls
Poured out with chanted Psalms.

Mitre and Crosier 'mid the vocal bands
O'er which the gazer saw their banners toss,
While borne aloft by consecrated hands
Blazed the atoning cross.

On the Last Day, as the Apostle tells,
God gathers all from graves of land and sea,
Then monks and nuns will quicken in their cells
To immortality.

And there amid those radiant, white-stoled nuns,
In a great sea of glory and of grace
From God's own smile, brighter than many suns
Shall shine this maiden's face.

IX.

And as the long procession
Rises up will swell on high
Their hymn of intercession
For the souls not born to die:
Christe Mediator Noster!

Day of Grace, and Day of Wonder!
Amid elemental thunder
Christ hath burst the grave asunder,
And ascended to the sky!
There He standeth—there He bleedeth,
There He with the Father pleadeth,
Praying that we may not die.
Knowing what each sinner needeth,
Tenderly He intercedeth
That death of death may pass us by.

And as we, in terror quaking,
Start at that august awaking,
There shall rise from all who've slumbered,
With this Sainted Maiden numbered,
Loud and long th' imploring cry:
Christe Mediator Noster!
"Save us, Master, or we die!"

And our Master then will hear us,
Tenderly He will draw near us,
Graciously he will upbear us,
Those who did not sin to die.

Christe Mediator Noster,
We beseech Thee guard and foster

Those who loved her, and who lost her
In thy wise beneficence:
Silent under Thy infliction,
Give them, Christ, Thy benediction!
Hear this humble supplication
From the wrung heart of a nation
Thou hast stricken to the dust!

Father of our second birth
As we give our swords to rust
In Thy hands we put this trust:
As Thou guardest her in Heaven,
Guard the parents upon earth.

A MEMORIAL ODE.

DEDICATION OF THE WARRENTON (VA.) MEMORIAL SHAFT.

POEM BY JAMES BARRON HOPE—LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE.

[From the Warrenton (Va.) True Index, June 28, 1873.]

The ladies of the Fauquier Memorial Association were agreeably surprised by the arrival of General Hampton in Warrenton on Monday, in answer to their invitation to deliver an address here on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to the memory of the Confederate dead in our cemetery, which they expected, but had been disappointed in obtaining. Having concluded to avail themselves of his presence, they had little time to give circulation to their purpose. Such, however, was the interest felt in the work and the orators, that a large concourse of citizens from country and town were in attendance.

The Governor introduced General Hampton as the Chevalier Bayard of the South, and he proceeded to deliver the elevated sentiments, which, through the kindness of the ladies, we are enabled to publish to-day. * * * * *

After the address, a procession was formed in front of the Warren Green, preceded by the Fredericksburg Cornet Band and escorted by the cadets of Bethel Academy, under command of Colonel Lightfoot of Confederate fame. The procession then marched to the cemetery, where the corner-stone of the monument was laid with the imposing ceremonies of the Masonic Order.

Governor Smith, upon whose head rests the snows of many winters, but whose heart-beats are as quick as those of a

youth, was constituted Master of Ceremonies, and John R. Spilman Field Marshal. After appropriate prayer by Rev. J. S. Lindsay, Captain Hope's admirable poem, which we have the pleasure of reproducing, was read.

VIRGINIA'S DAUGHTERS TO VIRGINIA'S DEFENDERS.

A MEMORIAL ODE.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES BARRON HOPE.

"We live in an age that makes truth pass for treason."—*Algernon Sidney, from the scaffold, December 7, 1683*

"Living," as noble Sidney said—
Sidney whose fame with time expands—
In a hard age where simple "truth"
For deadly "treason" stands,

We come to raise this mournful shaft
Above the consecrated dust
Of heroes who laid down their lives
For what they deemed most just.

Antigone herself was not
More tender in her pious care
Of her dead brother, than to-day
Virginia's daughters are.

Of their dead brothers, who now sleep
  Beneath this ever-hallowed sod,
Where floral epitaphs will bloom
  All written by our God.

And were that fate reserved for us
  Described by matchless Sophocles,
Still would we come with loving hands,
  And on our bended knees,

Heap up the turf—heave high the shaft—
  Pay homage to these cold remains—
And testify their cause went down
  Free from dishonor's stains.

No brutal Creon here may cry:
  "Off from your dead!"
                No sentry's gun
Shall drive the stricken mother's foot
  Back from her sleeping son.

The bravest of the brave who fought
  Against us pay them honors due,
And such would plant above these graves
  The laurel and the yew.

II.

Here all is peace, for them at least,
Deep as some tropic island's calm,
When hymns rise from the breakers and
Responses from the palm.

Here thoughtful pilgrims yet shall stand,
As fades the even's mellowed light,
And gazing on this shaft will read
That "God shall judge the right."*

To Him, and to the world, they've left
Their mighty Epic's wondrous song,
More than Homeric in its swell,
In Faith and Duty strong!

III.

Unknown of men, here many sleep,
Within this grave-yard's tender gloom—
Unknown, because a Vandal foe
Assailed each quiet tomb,

.

The rustic head-boards which once marked
Each valiant warrior's silent post
Flamed in barbaric camp-fires when
The head-long, raiding host

*Inscription on monument.

Swept this calm spot with cruel hoof
And sought to work these sleepers shame:
But not unknown of God they sleep—
He knows the sep'rate name

Of each slain hero. Here He sends
His gentle dews—His generous grass
Here spreads in Heaven's own charity
As Springs and Summers pass.

IV.

They need no Almoners of Fame
To give them laurel crown or bust;
Their deeds will live when shaft and urn
Have crumbled into dust!

No "Old Mortality" need e'er
Come hither in his pious mood
Here the Historic Muse will stand
And proud tradition brood!

A Roman Emperor, when death
Stood full before his steadfast eye,
Cried out and said: "Come, lift me up,
For I would standing die,"

And THEY died standing, in the cause
Of the great South, on Honor's field—
Here every patriot hero sleeps
On "unsurrendered shield,"*

This is the record on the stone
Which tells their story for all time,
And generations yet unborn
Shall call their fate sublime.

V.

From all the South they came to us—
For freedom valiantly they bled,
And sleep upon Virginia's breast
Embraced with her own dead.

Twice victors on the self-same field
Where once their columns swept the plain.
Our mother takes them to her heart—
They did not die in vain!

No, not in vain! They leave behind
Their history of duty done—
Of pangs and agonies endured,
And many a red field won.

*Inscription on monument.

When Summer's sun blazed in the blue
And changed it to a brazen arch,
And dried the streams, they struggled on
The hot and dusty march.

When Winter's blasts pierced through their frames,
Untented in the fields they lay,
And braved the bitter frosts of night,
The sleets and snows of day.

When battle called them forth to bleed,
Proudly they marched, though clad in rags:
And as they died, like soldiers true,
They fell around their flags.

O, glorious Flag! O, righteous Cause!
O, glorious struggle to be free!
O, glorious sleepers! Ye, indeed,
Were fit to follow Lee!

THE CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.

[From the Richmond Enquirer of May 27, 1874.]

We spare the space to-day to reproduce James Barron Hope's splendid poem descriptive of that sublime exhibition of British chivalry and heroism, the famous charge at Balaklava. We do this in honor of our friends the British settlers now in the city, as it is one the noblest tributes ever paid by an American poet to English valor. While there are many who admire Tennyson's poem, and are partial to the English laureate from sincere and honest motives, yet we cannot help saying that to our mind his verses intended to immortalize one of the grandest events that has occurred to illustrate the history of our race since the chivalric days of old, have been completely overshadowed in real excellence, true pathos and genuine poetry as well as in the treatment of the subject itself by our humbler and less pretentious Virginia poet. No American, much less Englishman, we think, can read this magnificent poem, combining as it does all the wild and incongruous elements of battle, victory, defeat, death, and glory in its triumphant rhmyth, without feeling his heart stirred to its deepest depths by the grandest emotions known to our higher nature. Lacking Tennyson's cue for passion, with no voice of nature knocking at his heart or call to duty tugging at its cords, this tribute from an alien, and a stranger to his father's house and home, while rivaling in grandeur and beauty the impulsive heart-throbbings of the native son still proves that nobility of soul knows no favored clime or sky; that great deeds and high thoughts spring up on every soil, and are admired by the brave and noble in every land—while it grandly exemplifies the truth of brave old Tatnall's memorable declaration—"Blood is thicker than water."

THE CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.

Spurring onward, Captain Nolan,
Spurring furiously, is seen;
And although the road meanders,
His no heavy steed of Flanders,
But one fit for the commanders
Of her Majesty the Queen.

Halting where the noble squadrons,
Stood impatient of delay,
Out he drew his brief dispatches,
Which their leader quickly snatches,
At a glance their meaning catches;
They are ordered to the fray.

All that morning they had waited—
As their frowning faces showed,
Horses stamping, riders fretting,
And their teeth together setting;
Not a single sword-blade whetting
As the battle ebbed and flowed.

Now the fevered spell is broken,
Every man feels twice as large,
Every heart is fiercely leaping,
As a lion roused from sleeping,
For they know they will be sweeping
In a moment to the charge.

Brightly gleam six hundred sabres,
And the brazen trumpets ring;
Steeds are gathered, spurs are driven,
And the heavens widely riven
With a mad shout upward given,
Scaring vultures on the wing.

Stern its meaning; now the Frenchmen
Look upon Old England's sons!
In each mind this thought implanted,
Undismayed and all undaunted,
By the battle fields enchanted,
They ride down upon the guns.

Onward! On! the chargers trample!
Quicker falls each iron heel!
And the headlong pace grows faster;
Noble steed and noble master,
Rushing on to red disaster,
Where the heavy cannons peal.

In the van rides Captain Nolan;
Wide his flying tresses wave;
And his heavy broad sword flashes,
As upon the foe he dashes:
God! his face turns white as ashes,
He has ridden to his grave.

Down he fell, prone from his saddle,
Without motion, without breath,
Never more a trump to waken—
He the very first one taken,
From the bough so sorely shaken,
In the vintage-time of Death.

In a moment, in a twinkling,
He was gathered to his rest;
In the time for which he'd waited—
With his gallant heart elated—
Down went Nolan, decorated
With a death wound on his breast.

Comrades still are onward charging,
He is lying on the sod:
Onward still their steeds are rushing
Where the shot and shell are crushing;
From his corpse the blood is gushing,
And his soul is with his God.

As they spur on, what strange visions
Flit across each rider's brain!
Thoughts of maidens fair, of mothers,
Friends and sisters, wives and brothers,
Blent with images of others,
Whom they ne'er shall see again.

Onward still the squadrons thunder—
Knightly hearts were their's and brave,
Men and horses without number
All the furrowed ground encumber—
Falling fast to their last slumber—
Bloody slumber! bloody grave!

Of that charge at Balaklava—
In its chivalry sublime—
Vivid, grand, historic pages
Shall descend to future ages;
Poets, painters, hoary sages
Shall record it for all time:

Telling how those English horsemen
Rode the Russian gunners down;
How with ranks all torn and shattered,
How with helmets hacked and battered,
How with sword arms blood-bespattered,
They won honor and renown.

'Twas "not war," but it was splendid
As a dream of old romance;
Thinking which their Gallic neighbors
Thrilled to watch them at their labors,
Hewing red graves with their sabres
In that wonderful advance.

Down went many a gallant soldier;
Down went many a stout dragoon;
Lying grim and stark and gory
On the crimson field of glory,
Leaving us a noble story
And their white-cliffed home a boon.

Full of hopes and aspirations
Were their hearts at dawn of day;
Now, with forms all rent and broken,
Bearing each some frightful token
Of a scene ne'er to be spoken,
In their silent sleep they lay.

Here a noble charger stiffens,
There his rider grasps the hilt
Of his sabre lying bloody
By his side, upon the muddy
Trampled ground, which darkly ruddy
Shows the blood that he has spilt.

And to-night the moon shall shudder
As she looks down on the moor,
Where the dead of hostile races
Slumber, slaughtered in their places;
All their rigid ghastly faces
Spattered hideously with gore.

And the sleepers! ah, the sleepers
Made a Westminster that day;
'Mid the seething battle's lava!
And each man who fell shall have a
Proud inscription—BALAKLAVA,
Which shall never fade away.

DEDICATORY POEM.

The following verses were recited at the dedication of the Fireman's Monument in Elmwood Cemetery on the 18th day of April, 1870. The address was delivered by Captain John S. Tucker, and the services conducted by the Rev. O. S. Barten, Rector of Christ Church. Captain Lakin, the hero of the piece, was by birth a Northern man, by adoption a Virginian, and by baptism in the fire of battle for the Lost Cause one of the great army of heroes who alas! have but too rarely monuments, or commemoration among us.

I.

These marble urns—these sculptured forms of stone
Scattered so freely through this silent yard
Speak with drear eloquence, and have a tone
To touch the hearts of people and of Bard.

Aye, they are preachers! Every separate sod
Hath its own sermon, sad, and stern and brief—
Each tells man mortal—each declares a God,
And speaks of Hope amid the signs of grief.

Men build up monuments to honor those
Whom living they have loved, and Poets hymn
How brave men oft have honored their brave foes—
Moore at Corunna had this done for him.

And in this city of the silent dead—
Within the walls of this Necropolis—
You've bared to-day yon column's lofty head
To honor those whom from your ranks you miss.

Long is the list. The names but little known,
Save in a narrow circle where they still
Are loved by those who claim them as their own;
Enshrined in hearts which time can never chill.

II.

But not alone amid the pomp of Kings,
The show of Courts, or rich-pavilioned Camp,
Do we find worth. Great Burns was right, who sings,
The man's the "gowd;" the rank's the "guinea's stamp.'

Unknown to fame the various names may be,
Cut in this marble, but we, living, trust,
That from the tumult of this life set free,
They sleep as well as any royal dust.

III.

Good men and true they were,
And when on the midnight air

Rose the wild, appalling cry,
Rising high and rising higher;
And the flames lit up the sky
With a ruddy, crimson dye
From the fire.
Then you saw what men they were—
Then you saw them do and dare!

IV.

Cold and bitter was the night,
All the town was wrapped in sleep.
First was seen a little light,
Broad it grew and wide and deep,
And a billowy, great cloud
Mounted high and mounted higher,
Like a luminous red shroud—
Then the awful cry of—Fire!

V.

And you heard the bells ring out,
And the watchman spring his rattle,
And you heard a mighty shout,
For, like steeds that rush to battle,
All the firemen were out.
Then you saw what men they were,
Then you saw them do and dare.

When with helm and trump they came
To do battle with the flame;
And their courage mounted higher
With the spreading of the Fire!
Hear the rafters tumble in
With a sudden, horrid din!
Now the minutes seem like hours,
While the sparks fall in red showers—
Ever falling down, down, down,
With a threat to all the town.
See, yonder on that roof
Where a fireman risks his life,
Putting fortune to the proof
As this awful midnight strife
Rises higher!
Will he hold on, think you, friends?
Yes; thank God! he puts it out.
Now the hero turns about
And descends.
And behold again he goes
To fight those cruel foes,
Those undulating billows of the Fire!

VI.

Where saw you greater dash?
Where saw you men more rash?

That amid the heavy crash
Of those walls which tumbled in
With a long-continued din,
Threatening death to those brave men
Who had worked and worked again
At the Fire.
In no mind a selfish thought,
But with courage in each eye
And a passionate desire
In their hearts to quell the fire,
As they heard the children cry.
In their noble fight they fought—
Fought like heroes with the flames,
And shall we forget their names ?

VII.

No ; we've cut them in this stone,
And when with moss 'tis overgrown,
And your speaker's lips are dumb,
And your brazen trumps are rust,
Some Mortality shall come
Who will make a sacred trust
Of this shaft above their dust.
* * * * *
And the last name
E'er forgot
Will be that of brave
Ned Lakin.

EX ORIENTE LUX.

[Motto of Owens Lodge A. F. & A. M.]

God's word goes forth: "Let there be Light"!
And as the circling thunders run,
The Darkness of primeval Night
Is banished by the sun.

Morning upon the earth! The first!
Mountain and vale, and shore and tide,
Glow in one universal burst
Of glory far and wide.

And white-winged angels pause in bands,
On outstretched pinions in amaze,
To view the Oceans and the Lands
Seen through Morn's purple haze.

And now 'tis Noon: Light reigns on high
The Day has glory like its King's
There is no cloud throughout the sky
Save from angelic wings.

And now the scene is not the same,
Evening leans over stream and sod.
The burning West is all a-flame
With splendors lit by God.

And as the tranquil Eve grows dim
The full-orbed moon comes grandly out
And Seraphim and Cherubim
Join in a choral shout.

And as the stars with chastened fire,
Shine in the sky, the anthem swells
Each lends new music to the choir
Each voice an Israfels!

All things, or small or great, rejoice
From starry depths to velvet sod,
And join in one united voice,
In praise of God.

Again God's awful thunders roll—
Let there be Light is His command—
Thy Light in every human soul
In every heathen land!

And ere the dead on land and sea
Rouse at th' Archangel's mighty horn,
There shall be Light: 'tis His decree—
Earth has a second Morn.

A MASONIC HYMN.

When Solomon the King,
His Temple reared on high,
The Masons stood as we now stand
Beneath the Master's eye ;
And the word went up to the Lodge above,
And the word was right, for the word was "Love."

II.

From all the neigh'bring lands,
From every neigh'bring coast
He gathered them in proud array
A vast Masonic host.
And the word went up to the Lodge above,
And the word was right, for the word was "Love."

III.

And here to-night we stand,
Our tressel board out spread,
The work marked down in goodly work
To the Master overhead.
And the word goes up to the Lodge above,
And the word is right, for the word was "Love."

AN ODE TO A NEIGHBOR'S DOG.

BY AN EXASPERATED EDITOR.

"Et votre petit chien Brusquet, gronde-t-il toujours aussi fort, et mord-il toujours bien aux jambes les gens qui vont chez vous?"

I.

All night infernal Veto barks
  Until I fairly rave and cuss.
O! catchers of the casual cur
  Pray stop his fuss!

II.

Make him in sassages—weal pies—
  When over him your net is flung;
But best, perhaps, 'twould be to serve
  Him up as tongue.

III.

The bark of that Peruvian tree
  Which made my early youth so sad
I'd rather have; *that* made me well,
  This drives me mad.

IV.

I'd rather sharpen forty saws,
Hear equine fiddles tortured slow
Than sit up now and write about
That d—— Veto!

V.

The classic Cerberus enraged
Would wag three tongues in his attack,
But worse than Pluto's fice this dog 's
Himself a pack!

VI.

And there he sits, and barks, and barks,
Upon the steps—the very top!
I'll punctuate his noise some night
With a full stop.

VII.

And now the driving rain sweeps down.
Is that the whisper of Charles Lamb?
"To whine and water leave the dog,"
Yes,—in a dam!

VIII.

No "n" profane is in the word,
  Without the "h" I'll take the "wine"
And give the "water" to the cur
  With stone and twine.

IX.

Yes, hear I swear, at half-past two,
  In sleepless wrath, a dreadful vow,
With deadly art some night to hush
  That dog's bow-wow.

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COTTON COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NO. 51 WATER STREET,

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Make full advances on Cotton or Bill of Lading. Consignments respectfully solicited.

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E. P. TABB & CO.,

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HARDWARE & CUTLERY

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NORFOLK, VA.

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COTTON FACTORS

AND

Comm. Merchants,

M'PHAIL'S WHARF,

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CONSIGNMENTS OF COTTON

AND MAKE

Liberal Cash Advances on same.

OUR FACILITIES FOR

HANDLING COTTON ARE UNSURPASSED,

And shippers can rely on our personal attention being given to

THE SALE, DELIVERY AND WEIGHT OF ALL COTTON CONSIGNED TO OUR CARE.

Parties desiring proceeds of Cotton sent by express or registered letter will please make their wishes known in letter of advice, and their instructions will be promptly obeyed.

Sole Agents for Eastern Virginia and North Carolina of the well known EXCELLENZA COTTON FERTILIZER, and dealers in other standard Fertilizers.

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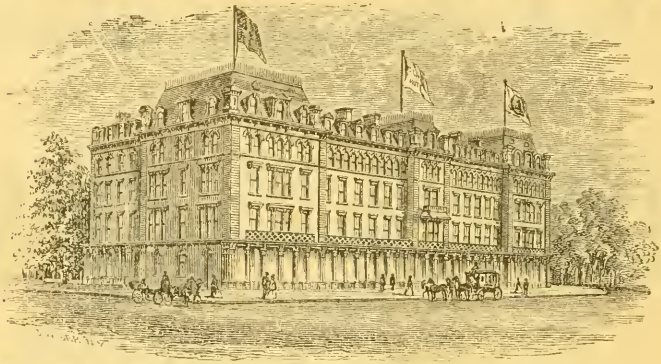
ATLANTIC HOTEL



R. S. DODSON, Proprietor,

Corner Granby and Main Streets,

NORFOLK, VA.

HO! FOR NAG'S HEAD.

SUMMER RESORT.

This popular Summer Resort will be opened on THURSDAY, July 1st, 1875, for RECEPTION OF GUESTS, where the public will find quiet, as well as Sea Bathing unsurpassed by any watering place on the Atlantic coast. Every delicacy of the season will be furnished—such as fish, game, &c. Sportsmen will remember that at this popular resort gunning and angling will be engaged in to a great extent. Board will be furnished by day, week or month.

By the day	$ 2 00
By the week	12 00
By the month	40 00

Special rates made for the accommodation of families.

The attention of excursionists is especially called to the many attractions of this ancient summer resort. The house is newly built and furnished, and the proprietor will endeavor to make his patrons agreeable and comfortable.

To reach Nag's Head from Eastern Carolina, steamer Mystic will run for the season from Edenton, Hartford and E. City; from Western or Inland Carolina, take Black Water line to Edenton; from Norfolk and Tidewater Virginia, take steamer Pamlico, which will run regularly for the accommodation of the traveling public.

J. C. PERRY, Proprietor.

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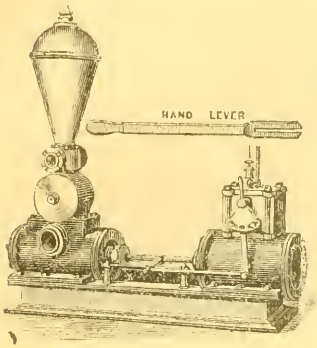
E. V. WHITE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS,



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—AND—
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Near Ferry Wharf.

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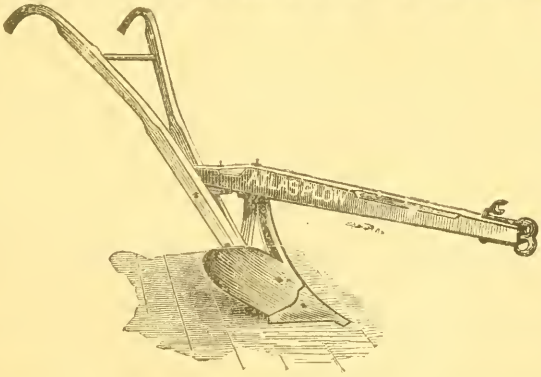
THE ATLAS PLOW!

FIRST PREMIUM
At Weldon, N. C.,
IN 1873



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At Wilmington, N. C.
IN 1874.

Patented July 7th, 1873, and Manufactured by

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Also Manufacturers of the STONEWALL COTTON PLOW, patented July 16th, 1872 First Premium (Diploma) at Raleigh State Fair in 1873, and wherever exhibited. WARRANTED THE BEST IN USE. Send for Circulars and Price-lists.

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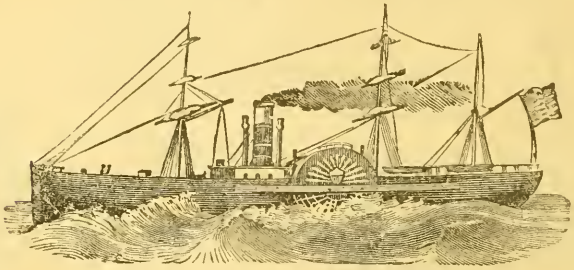
For BOSTON, Semi-Weekly.



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NEW ROUTE TO

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The steamer LADY OF THE LAKE will go on this line on or about the 15th of June, making a DAILY LINE.

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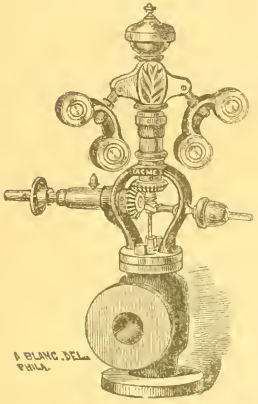

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Having greatly added to our heretofore fine assortment of Job Fonts, among which are the latest styles of plain and fancy type, we are prepared to execute any description of work at the lowest rates and at the shortest notice.

Orders from a distance solicited. Address

JAMES BARRON HOPE & CO.,

Nos. 73 and 75 Main Street, Norfolk, Va.

THE NORFOLK LANDMARK

The "Norfolk Landmark" claims in Eastern Virginia and North Carolina a circulation which is unrivalled, and which is daily increasing. The "Landmark" has traveling agents in North Carolina, one in Virginia, and one now canvassing New York and northern cities, and twenty local agents in Virginia and North Carolina, and claims to be a paper of originality and influence. It has a thoroughly organized corps of correspondents, and some of the most prominent men in both States—among them ex-Governor Vance—contribute to its columns and are kindly interested in advancing its fortunes. It is owned by JAMES BARRON HOPE & Co., and is edited by the head of the firm. As an advertising medium for Schools and Colleges it is considered to be worthy the patronage of all institutions of learning throughout the State. Large numbers of boys and girls go from Eastern Virginia and North Carolina into the interior and to the North to be educated, and the "Landmark" has a great circulation among the classes who patronize such institutions.

JOS. L. YOUNG, Business Editor Landmark, for
JAMES BARRON HOPE & Co.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Extract from the Richmond Whig.

It is indeed very grateful to us to learn of the solid tokens of a bright future for this noble old borough, as revealed in the "Norfolk Landmark."

Extract from the St. Louis Republican.

The "Norfolk Landmark" is devoting its constant attention to the commercial statistics of its growing city, and an encouraging exhibit it makes of it!

Extract from the Raleigh (N. C.) News.

The shipping trade of Norfolk, Va., is rapidly increasing. The arrivals there last week of vessels of all classes, showed an increase of thirty over the corresponding period in 1873. The "Landmark" says this statement "speaks for itself." We are pleased to see our sister city taking rapid strides towards that stand in the commercial world which her position naturally entitles her to.

Extracts from the Rocky Mount (N. C.) Mail.

The people of Nash, Edgecombe, Wilson, Halifax, and adjoining counties, are deeply concerned in whatever affects the interest of Norfolk. * * * * * The "Norfolk Landmark" has been publishing important statistical facts relative to the trade and growing prosperity of Norfolk, which are attracting wide attention. * * We are not surprised to learn from the "Landmark's" valuable and interesting statistics that Norfolk is rapidly moving ahead. * * * From a table compiled by the "Landmark" we are informed. * * * The "Landmark" deserves great credit for the interest it has shown in this matter. We commend its zeal and efforts.

Extract from the Wilson (N. C.) Advance.

Under the caption, "Norfolk—Her Future," the Wilson *Advance* says: "The editor of the 'Landmark' is doing his city a real service by compiling and publishing in his paper reliable statistics. * * * The articles which have recently appeared in the 'Landmark' have served to arouse the attention not only of the readers of that paper, but have been extensively copied and commented on by many of her contemporaries in Virginia and North Carolina. * * The statements of the 'Landmark' show beyond cavil that the shipping trade of Norfolk is rapidly improving. * * * The 'Landmark' cannot devote itself to more valuable and interesting subjects than the encouragement of direct communication with foreign ports." &c.

Extract from the Roanoke Valley.

The editor of this paper, after a recent visit to this city, wrote to his paper as follows:

I promised to write from Norfolk, but made so short a stay there that I could not do so. Norfolk is *the* coming city of the State, and after looking over the statistics in regard to cotton and other commercial interests in the "Landmark" office, I became convinced that the prediction was now about to become a reality, viz: "Norfolk must be a large city." * * * At the "Landmark" office I was highly entertained by books of sta-

tistics on all the commercial interests of the city. * * * Norfolk is now improving rapidly, and will in a short time, I think, rival any shipping port in the country.

Extract from the Suffolk Christian Sun.

The "Norfolk Landmark" is doing more to advance the interest of Norfolk than any paper published in the city, since our acquaintance with it, has done. If it will continue to publish statistical facts connected with the business of the city, and bring out the advantages, geographical and local, prominently before the public, the attention of persons at a distance will be attracted toward it, and a few years will see the "City by the Sea" renewed, renovated, and putting on the strength of youth. It will no longer be regarded as an old fogy sort of a place, but it will be a live, go-ahead, working city. The solid, business people are heartily tired of so much politics in the daily papers. They are more, far more interested in the business and current news of a place.

Extract from Suffolk Herald.

The "Norfolk Landmark," which exhibits a degree of enterprise surpassed by no other paper in the State, contained in a recent issue the following interesting statistics, compiled from authentic sources, touching the commercial importance of Norfolk as compared with that of rival cities which are struggling to rob her of the glorious destiny which she has in store. The "Landmark" truly observes that the immense cotton trade of Norfolk will not be sacrificed by the General Assembly of the State for the aggrandizement of a foreign corporantion. Here is the table: Since the 1st of September, 1873, Baltimore has received 13,728 bales of cotton; Philadelphia, 35,592; Norfolk, 418,911, and City Point, 27,206, or a total for Virginia as reported, of 446,117 bales. This is a magnificent exhibit and augurs well for the future commercial greatness of Norfolk.

Extract from the Abingdon Virginian.

That excellent paper, the "Norfolk Landmark," is engaged in publishing statistical information with reference to the commerce of the city of Norfolk. This is a labor which deserves to be commended, since in the building up of large cities in this Commonwealth we recognize one of the surest means for promoting the prosperity of the State. It beats the discussion of Federal politics all hollow, and is indicative of a zealous interest for the true welfare of Virginia. We are gratified to observe the marked increase in the receipts and shipments of produce, and in the arrival and departure of vessels, both foreign and coastwise. * * * We sincerely congratulate the "City by the Sea" upon the manifest evidences of prosperity which she is able to present, and earnestly trust that her star will continue to be in the ascendant until it reaches that height which nature and reason alike suggest as her inevitable destiny.

Extract from the Fredericksburg Herald.

Those who have been representing Norfolk as on the decline will be surprised to learn that for the week ending April 18, 1874, as contrasted with that of the same week last year, there was an increase in arrivals of fifteen steamers. In 1873, for that week, there were 60 steamers, whilst for the like week this year there were 75. * * * Norfolk is a paying subject to Virginia, whilst Baltimore and Philadelphia are not. The public will doubtless be surprised to learn what is really being done in Norfolk, and how her cotton trade contrasts with Baltimore and Philadelphia. The "Norfolk Landmark" states: [Here follows statistics.] Such facts are more eloquent than any words, however well chosen and expressive. Can it be that any Virginian—Valley-man, Piedmont-man, or Southwest-man—will favor for an instant any measure looking to the reversal of this trade? Who would place an obstruction or impede the growth and prosperity of a Virginia town in order that Philadelphia or Baltimore either should be built up at her expense?

Extract from the Richmond Enquirer.

The good old city of Norfolk, so long and so generally known for the surpassing hospitality of her people, the unrivalled advantages of her deep, safe, capacious harbor, and the commercial convenience of her adjacency to the sea, according to all ordinary calculations of causes and consequences, all theories of trade resting upon observation, experience and practical common sense, ought to have been years ago not only the chief seaport city of the South, but really in rivalry with New York as a shipping point for American commerce. Why it has not been so, why it is not yet so, we need not now stop to discuss.

We have always had an unfaltering confidence in the future of Norfolk, and we are sustained in that confidence by a calm consideration of the inevitable effects of the irresistible logic of the laws of trade. As Virginia improves and progresses, Norfolk cannot, if she would, fail to keep pace in prosperity with the State. She is improving now, and has been, steadily, since the reaction in the life of business after the close of the war. In the statistics of her shipping for this year so far as it has gone, compared with that of the same proportion of last year, as we find them carefully compiled by the able and energetic editor of the "Landmark," there are evidences of advancement that gives assurance of the substantial ground on which we base our prediction of the future greatness of that city. A stranger visiting in Norfolk must be impressed with the extraordinary advantages around her; and when he sees the huge steamers and the various sailing vessels constantly coming out and going into the harbor, he must be satisfied that the day is not distant when such an empo-

rium and entrepot of Southern and Western trade will be there as will be worthy the vast natural resources requiring this "city by the sea" to be equal, and more than equal, to the "great expectations" of the most sanguine of her sons by whom her horoscope was ever studied, or her destiny foretold.

Extract from the Financial Chronicle and Hunt's Merchants Magazine, May 23, 1874.

NORFOLK RECEIPTS.—At the request of some of our Virginia friends, we change to-day the heading "Virginia" to "Norfolk" in our tables. This is done for the reason that all the foreign and nearly all the coastwise movement of that State is through Norfolk, and hence that city may with propriety be taken as representing the State so far as cotton is concerned. The "Norfolk Landmark"—a paper, by the way, which exhibits a degree of enterprise surpassed by no other paper in the State—is helping very largely to bring into notice the commercial importance of that port. The exhibits of its trade which the "Landmark" from time to time publishes, serve to indicate the wonderful growth of the city commercially during late years, and the promising future which lies before it.

Extract from Proceedings of the Norfolk and Portsmouth Cotton Exchange, May 25, 1874.

Major Baker, President of the Board of Trade, read an extract from the *Financial and Commercial Chronicle and Hunt's Merchants Magazine*, in reference to the change of heading in their cotton tables from "Virginia" to "Norfolk," and in which a high compliment is paid the "Landmark" for its enterprise in showing up the importance of our city as a cotton and commercial port. [The extract will be found above.]

On motion, a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Captain James Barron Hope, editor and proprietor of the "Landmark," for his untiring energy in bringing the commercial importance of Norfolk to the knowledge of the world.

THE WEEKLY LANDMARK.

On enlarging our weekly we received many kind and cordial words of approval from the press and our subscribers, from which we select the following:

Extract from Hampton letter.

Your weekly paper is quite a surprise to me. I heard it spoken of with much praise at York and in Williamsburg. Your many friends on the Peninsula watch your progress with much interest and good wishes.

Southside Virginian.

The "Weekly Norfolk Landmark," which ranks among the few enterprising journals in Virginia, comes to us considerably enlarged. It was a good paper before, but like some other things, the more you have of it, the more you want of it.

Richmond Enquirer.

Our excellent contemporary, the "Norfolk Landmark," has enlarged the issue of its Weekly in connection with its Daily, and a very large and complete paper it is, too. We take pleasure in commending it to the public as a first-class journal, valuable alike for its news and its editorial opinions.

Washington (N. C.) Echo.

The "Weekly (Norfolk) Landmark" comes to us this week in an enlarged form, having added to it nearly ten columns of matter. We are glad to chronicle this evidence of prosperity on the part of our Norfolk contemporary. It shows that its ability, sterling worth, and true Democratic-Conservatism are rightly understood and valued by the public. That it may continue to prosper is our honest wish.

Eastern Virginian.

The "Norfolk Weekly Landmark" has been greatly enlarged in order to accommodate its increased advertising patronage, without encroaching upon its usual amount of excellent reading matter. We hail this evidence of prosperity in our able contemporary with pleasure, and trust that its enterprise may meet with the most favorable recognition generally. The "Landmark" is one of our ablest exchanges.

Index-Appeal.

The weekly edition of the "Norfolk Landmark" has just come to hand. We find in it the same signs of care, enterprise and ability which render the daily edition of that paper a model of journalism. Brother Hope is certainly master of the art of concocting a paper of exactly the right kind; mixing *utile cum dulci* and *pro patria* in precisely the proper proportions. In the language of Deuteronomy, cursed be the man that removeth our neighbor's "Landmark."

Texas Subscriber.

BURNET COUNTY, TEXAS, March 12, 1875

Captain J. B. Hope & Co.:

Sirs,—Please find enclosed our subscription fee for the continuance of the "Landmark," and accept our hearty congratulations for the success it has already attained, and our best wishes for its continued good fortune. It always meets a cordial welcome at our fireside, and its frequent mention of the names of persons and places endeared to us by the recollections of childhood, as well as the associations of maturer years, entitle it to the consideration of an old friend, while its devotion to the interests of Virginia, and to the principles that have ever characterized her illustrious history constitute it a "Landmark" worthy to be observed. In conclusion, we hope to see our dear old mother speedily advance to that position in material greatness that she has always occupied in moral influence.

Yours, respectfully, * * *

LOCAL TESTIMONIALS.

To the above testimonials, taken from the spontaneous and unsolicited expressions of cotemporaries, the Business Editor takes pride in adding the following of a strictly local character. They were kindly given our canvassing agent at the date given, when he was about to start on a canvassing tour of cities to the North of us:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL,
Norfolk, Va., Dec. 11th 1874.

The "Norfolk Landmark" is one of the best newspapers in this State, and I believe has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Virginia. As a family paper it is unequalled, and is recognized by the mercantile community as one of the most enterprising commercial papers in the South. It has the ablest editor of any paper I know, in the person of James Barron Hope, Esq., and I take pride in recommending it to all classes.

I hereby testify to the genuineness of the signatures in the accompanying certificates.

JNO. B. WHITEHEAD.

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH COTTON EXCHANGE,
Norfolk, Va., December 12th, 1874.

It gives me pleasure to add my testimony relative to the value of the "Norfolk Landmark." James Barron Hope is too well and favorably known to require any recommendation from me to the public. His paper has now a very large circulation, which is rapidly increasing, and I regard it as one of the best papers in this country.

WM. W. GWATHMEY,
Pres't Cotton Exchange.

NORFOLK, VA., Dec. 2d, 1874.

The undersigned take pleasure in saying that they subscribe for the number of copies of the "Weekly Landmark" set opposite their respective names, which they, each week, send to their correspondents. The "Landmark" has Ex-Gov. Z. B. Vance, of North Carolina, as one of its regular contributors, and is valuable for its commercial facts and statistics. It is, besides, an excellent medium for the advertising public, and is a perfectly reliable and respectable journal.

HYMANS & DANCY, Cotton Commission Merchants.	1,100 copies.
SAVAGE, JONES & LEE, Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants.	200 copies.
BAKER, NEAL & SHEPARD, Cotton Factors.	100 copies.
W. B. BURGESS, Commission Merchant.	50 copies.
E. P. TABB & CO., Wholesale Dealers in Hardware.	175 copies.
GWATHMEY & DOBIE, Commission Merchants.	250 copies.

I beg to certify to the correctness of the above statement, and that each copy of the newspaper goes through our hands for destination; and also, that the "Weekly Landmark" is circulated largely by the proprietors themselves in the ordinary course of their business, making it have the largest circulation of any paper in this section of country, along the Rappahannock river, and more especially through North Carolina.

H. B. NICHOLS,
Postmaster.

NORFOLK, VA., Dec. 2d, 1874.

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